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The Week

AGAIN we are being plagued by technical discussions of the "absolute needs" of the great nations for naval defense. Great Britain and France have started a movement for Tom-Thumb battleships, on the ground that they don't really need big ones, and that the small ones are less costly and more efficient. This movement has been promptly squelched by our naval authorities, on the ground that our requirements for defense demand the big ships, with a wide cruising radius. For one thing, we haven't so many strategically located naval bases. Of course the absurdity in all such discussions lies in the fact that if we are not to have war we do not need any battleships of any size, and if we are to have war we need all the battleships we can build, large, small and medium. The very effort to reduce by agreement, on the basis of established ratios of sea power, is an abstract technical game without real meaning, if we are envisaging the possibility of war. It is just an intellectual device by which the rest of us are enabled to make some progress in persuading the military minds not to waste quite so much of our substance in engines of destruction. For our part, we should be quite willing to have all navies take the form of canoes with outboard motors.

IN SPITE of the efforts to hamper trade with Soviet Russia, her purchases from the United States keep on growing; in February they stood third to those of the United Kingdom and Canada, having passed those of Germany and France. It is extremely regrettable, however, that at the same time her exports to us have been reduced nearly two-thirds—in large part, no doubt, as a consequence of our embargo against her pulpwood and of other political interferences with trade. No more misleading economic term was ever invented than the so-called "favorable" balance of trade. As Professor Wesley C. Mitchell wrote in "Recent Economic Changes": "If we grant that the real goal of economic effort is to secure goods for meeting human wants, it follows that a country's gains from international trade consist of its imports. Exports represent costs—prices paid for the goods desired." If we send Russia more than we receive from her, the shortage must be met elsewhere; we must either accept more goods and services from some other nation than we send to it, or have the balance made up by an increase of gold or acknowledgements of indebtedness—neither of which we can consume. The sort of goods which Soviet Russia would sell us if we allowed them to come in constitute for the most part the most desirable kind of imports—raw or semi-manufactured products of which we have a shortage here. Manganese, spruce lumber and pulpwood are necessary for our industry; we do not produce enough of them now for our requirements, and the more largely we call upon our own reserves to supply them, the nearer we come to the exhaustion of these precious natural resources.

ANOTHER melancholy aspect of the latest figures of international trade is the shrinkage of our commerce with almost all countries except Russia. How much this is due to the world-wide depression

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and how much to our own crazy tariff policy it is impossible to say; the two forces interact to intensify the effect. But certainly our increased duties and those which they called forth in retaliation on the part of Canada must have a great deal to do with the fact that our exports to Canada have been cut almost in half—falling from $111,694,000 in February, 1930, to $68,868,000 in February, 1931. Canada has hitherto been our best customer, as indeed one would expect her to be, with thousands of miles of contact, but the trade war has pushed her imports from us below those of the United Kingdom. We might just as weli have erected a tariff wall down the Mississippi River. Exports of goods to all countries have fallen from $349,000,000 to $224,000,000, while imports from them have been reduced from $282,000,000 to $175,000,000—the figures being from February of 1931 and 1930, respectively. And we must remember that even in February of last year trade was already at a depression level.

SOME time ago the Appalachian Power Company applied for a "minor part license" from the Federal Power Commission to exploit water power on the New River. This sounds dull and technical, but in reality it was the entering wedge of a movement, which, if allowed to gain headway, would rob the Power Commission of much of its existing regulatory power—already small enough. For a minor-part license is one which disallows any but nominal public control on the ground that the stream in question is not in fact navigable at the point of development and hence does not come under the federal power to regulate interstate commerce. Attorney General Mitchell ruled in favor of the applicant in this case. If the application had been granted, the precedent could have been extended to a large number of important power sites. But the Power Commission has denied the application on the broad ground that "the proposed construction would affect the interests of interstate and foreign commerce." Apparently actual navigability at the precise site in question is not to be made the crucial test. For this victory the credit goes largely to Judson King of the National Popular Government League, who first called public attention to the importance of the issue, who appeared at the hearing in behalf of the consumers, and, though denied the right to introduce oral argument, demanded and received permission to file a brief, which clearly demonstrated the true nature of this new attempt to evade regulation.

THE United States Chamber of Commerce, stimulated by the growing agitation for unemployment insurance and the demand that business do something in the interest of stabilization, has appointed a committee of prominent business men to consider and recommend a program. This is significant in that it gives evidence of the widespread feeling in business circles that some sort of collective foresight and planning is essential in industry. What the outcome will be no one can tell—we fear that it will be puny in comparison with the need, though perhaps important as a first, timid step. An announcement made by Julius H. Barnes on the occasion of the appointment of the committee outlined vaguely a measure which is evidently intended to furnish a substitute for unemployment insurance. It is the old one of "spreading work" during depressions—that is, keeping a full force busy on short time rather than part of the force busy on full time. The announcement indicated an intention to apply this policy more effectively than individual firms can do it, by organizing entire industries for the purpose. Mr. Barnes clothed the plan in new terms when he spoke of it as a device which, instead of giving the employed men enough to spend for necessities and to save, too, at a time when increase of savings is temporarily unnecessary, would spread the same amount of money over more employees, and thus direct it all to the markets for necessities.

DETAILED discussion of the project must await its final adoption, if it is ever adopted. But a number of comments at once suggest themselves. Unlike unemployment reserves in any form, this plan would cost the employers nothing—the same pay rolls would simply be spread over more employees. By the same token, it would in itself furnish industry with no incentive to stabilize. The industries hardest hit in a depression could hardly employ their full normal forces for long enough hours to give them even the barest necessities of life. The net result would be dangerously close to a lasting reduction of standards of living. And to assume that the majority of the workers now employed during depressions really have any considerable surplus to save is hardly justified. Certainly their combined savings would not give many days' employment to the 6,000,000 jobless. "Spreading work" is an old device, often adopted piecemeal with the consent of labor itself, but at best it is an expedient which is only a little better than throwing unemployed workers on the resources of charity. It is not in any sense an approach to real industrial stabilization.

A FEW weeks ago we printed a letter from an irate son of California whose hot temper led him into the frank confession that the reason Mooney and Billings were being held in jail was not because they are guilty, but because they would be dangerous men at large. Our correspondent did not say why or how he considered them dangerous, but an explanation of the reason may be found, perhaps, in the recently published transcript of Billings' examination by the justices of the California supreme court last year. This report of the examination makes it plain that what lay back of the minds of the justices, and particularly Justice Preston's, was a fear that if Billings and Mooney were freed, they

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would carry on a campaign against the California courts. "Isn't it your intention," Justice Preston asked Billings during the examination, "to get on the lecture platform and tell about how you were framed and corrupt officials prosecuted you and all that sort of stuff?" Billings sensibly denied that he had any intention of so doing, and in all truth it would hardly be necessary. However, Governor James Rolph, Jr., has an opportunity this month to make amends for the injustice of his courts and the blindness of his justices, when Mooney's pardon application is argued before him. Let us hope that the Governor will not fall a victim to Justice Preston's apprehensions. And let us hope, too, that he will realize that the courts need fear for their dignity only when their judges are ruled by that unreasoning fear and hate which have kept Mooney and Billings in prison for sixteen years.

SOMETIMES we are told that the housing problem is solved; there is a surplus of housing. But how good is the housing—especially that available to the lower-income groups? Two modest bills, introduced into the New York State Legislature and supported by the United Neighborhood Houses, give a telltale indication. One specifies that there must be, in the "old-law" tenements, one toilet for every family—on the same floor on which the family resides. The other would prohibit the use of rooms without windows, if these dark rooms are more than once removed from rooms with windows. Not simply windowless rooms, mind you, but windowless rooms which have no connection except into other windowless rooms. The first bill gives the landlords three years in which to comply, the second does not apply until after January 1, 1936. Why should anybody have to use energy pushing reforms like these? It seems like clearing up the refuse of the Middle Ages. Why should any family have to live in any "old-law" tenement at all—tenements of such antiquated standards that new ones like them have been illegal to build for many years? Thousands of families still do, and yet we stagnate in depression, in large measure because the building industry has so little work.

The Battle of Wages

NOW THAT Mr. Hoover has said again that wages must and will stay up, it is time to comment on an apparent difference between this depression and all others of which we have record. It is the usual thing for leaders of industry and finance to demand wage reductions as a condition of business recovery; this time the respectable doctrine is just the opposite. Whether it will remain so, in view of the steadily increasing pressure for wage cuts, is uncertain, but so far at least the policy of the national administration and its business supporters is worthy of remark.

Praiseworthy as the effort may be, what interests us most about it is the probable outcome in fact. To what extent can a policy of this kind really affect the course of wages? We know already that it does not command the assent of numerous employers and bankers. But, even supposing there were no disagreement concerning the desirability of the policy, what could employers do about it, by and large?

It may be admitted that some of the great companies, with ample financial resources, can within limits choose whether wages shall be lowered, raised or kept steady. But these are far from governing all industry. It may be admitted that labor organizations which exercise a substantial control over the workers in their several industries can influence wages somewhat; but such organizations do not exist in many trades—especially the basic ones. Mainly we still have a large array of competitive markets, in which demand, supply and price are powerful forces. An employer looks at his wasting resources drained by heavy overhead, at the shrunken demand for his goods. He comes to the point where he must do something to reduce costs and stimulate sales, or face the danger of bankruptcy. He sees that there is a great excess supply of labor, so that he could presumably find at lower rates all the workers he wants. He hears that competitors are paying less than he. To ask him indefinitely to continue operations at a loss because of the social desirability of high wages is to ask him to act the part of a socialized executive in the midst of a system of competitive private enterprise where the very condition of survival is to make a profit—at whatever cost to others. There are, during a prolonged depression, enough employers on the margin of disaster in almost every industry so that the wage-cutting movement is certain to begin. And once it begins, even those employers whose necessities are not so drastic are likely to follow.

Month after month the number of recorded wage cuts has been greater than the number of advances. And many reductions have been concealed from the public, or have taken place by indirection of various sorts. What their final effect on wage standards will be it is impossible to say. Judging from the incomplete figures available, we can see that in the year 1930 there was a reduction in the weekly earnings of the average employed wage worker amounting to 12 percent, or twice as much as the 6-percent drop in the cost of living. How much of this decline in earnings was due to short time and how much to lower rates of pay we do not know. Only when full time is generally resumed shall we be able to tell. But it is difficult to believe that part-time employment has increased enough during the past year to make so great a difference in earnings. For January, 1930, was also a depression month when part time was widespread.

We must also remember that in considering the wage earners' purchasing power the amount of money in the pay envelope is only half the picture. The other half is the course of the cost of living.

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And who is there to assert that, in our industrial order, prices—especially retail prices—are under social control?

During the depression of 1920-1922, the accepted doctrine of employers and bankers was that wages must be "deflated." We had a hysteria of wage cuts. What was the net result? According to Dr. Willford I. King in his study of "Income in the United States and Its Distribution," the average annual earnings of wage earners in all industries were reduced from $1,273 in 1920 to $1,012 in 1922, and when full employment returned in 1923, they came out at $1,150. In spite of the combined pressure of the business world, however, wage rates could not be forced down as much as prices, with the consequence that the workers' purchasing power actually increased during this period. Expressed in dollars having the same purchasing power as in 1913, the average annual income grew from $612 in 1920 to $679 in 1923. In manufacturing, the corresponding figures were $670 and $700.

It was then that the doctrine of "the economy of high wages" came to be accepted. We had prosperity, and there had been an increase in the workers' purchasing power. Industrial leaders, in spite of their former advocacy of wage cutting, took credit for this fact, and talked as if they were deliberately going to continue the policy of raising wages to stimulate popular purchasing power. What was the result this time? Dr. King's preliminary figures show that in 1928 the real earnings of manufacturing wage earners were actually lower than in 1923. Only in 1926 and 1927 had they been slightly above the starting point. Miners' wages took a nose dive. In construction and transportation—prosperous industries where unions exercise a good deal of power—the purchasing power of wages did show a marked advance. But these were fields in which most employers had not been preaching the economy of high wages.

During the present depression wage rates may not be pushed down as far as they were in 1921 and 1922. But the cost of living shows no sign of falling anywhere nearly so rapidly now as it did then. It would not greatly surprise us to discover, when the smoke of battle blows away, that now, though the doctrine of the economy of high wages is ostensibly in the ascendant, no advance in the workers' purchasing power will be registered, whereas before, when the doctrine of the economy of wage cutting was rampant, a marked gain in real wages occurred—a greater gain than had been made for many years before, or than has been recorded since.

In spite of the noble pretensions of the President and the business pooh-bahs, the truth is that the purchasing power of the wage earner has not been brought under social control. Good intentions will do little to keep money wages up more than they would have been kept up in any case through the natural resistance to wage changes. And there is no sort of control which attempts to relate the prices of goods which the wage earners buy to the amounts they are paid.

Acceptance of the doctrine of high wages is an important social and psychological phenomenon. It is well for so many to understand that high wages are desirable. But in reality the doctrine is as yet little more than a pious aspiration. It arose as a rationalization of something which happened in the course of the last great depression, and happened by sheer good luck, in spite of the determined efforts of employers. Mr. Hoover's repeated pronouncements in its favor now are of a piece with his other pronouncements which imply that our chaotic economy can operate more desirably through individual good intentions and the application of faith cures. The outcome is likely to be just as disappointing as it was in the case of the frequent mistaken predictions concerning the return of prosperity and the relief of unemployment. We cannot really bring about wage incomes which are sufficiently high, and increase with sufficient rapidity to do their share in keeping industry busy, until we plan and organize our economy to do so. The truth is that we are not organized to maintain a high standard of living, but to leave open the chance for profits made by individual business enterprise. The two aims are not entirely compatible. It is to be hoped that the present experience will bring us closer to recognizing that thorny fact, so that we may get down to the business of dealing with it.

"Rock" Is of the Ages

ON THE LAST day of March, an earthquake destroyed the city of Managua, causing the deaths of perhaps two thousand persons and destroying property valued at from thirty to sixty million dollars. On that day, in Chicago, William Wrigley offered to buy a hundred million pounds of cotton in trade for chewing gum. In Washington, the President announced that an increase in federal taxes would be unnecessary. In New York, the alleged wreckers of a great bank, the alleged defrauders of its 400,000 depositors, appeared for the first time in criminal court. In all our metropolitan centers on that day, the usual quota of gangsters went for a one-way ride, and the usual quota of respectable citizens died, were married or divorced, struggled and suffered. The unemployed gathered hopelessly in hard-boiled employment bureaus. The discovery of a new kissproof indelible lipstick was announced in advertising columns all over the country. "Don't Be a Love Loafer!" was Peggy Joyce's new admonishment, in half-inch type, to the 280,000 readers of a tabloid. On that same day, however, the 38,000,000 newspaper buyers in the United States, and the reputed 100,000,000 newspaper readers, discovered that the death of a football coach was an event which overshadowed all the others.

Knute Rockne was one of those Americans who,

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by single-minded devotion to a specialty, rose to the top of his profession. In the course of his climb, he made hundreds of friends, some of them coaches like himself, some of them sports editors or reporters. To all these men his death was a personal misfortune, but it was something else to most of the editors charged with making up a thousand front pages. It was big news, the biggest of the day, and they gave it the largest type, the most space, the best position.

On the following day, the judgment of the "make-ups" was noisily confirmed by their superiors. It was approved, moreover, in even higher quarters. The advisory board of public relations that functions in the White House properly gauged the value of the event, and Messrs. Hoover, Hurley and MacArthur made the front pages with many a leading story. To the Chief Executive, Rockne's death was "a national loss." The Secretary of War remarked on Mr. Rockne's "nobility of character." And MacArthur contributed "great, beloved gallantry, vigor and skill" to the mountainous heap of adjectives now rapidly being assembled.

Consider the reports of the conservative, unemotional Associated Press, so bent on preserving accuracy in the news. The A. P. wired from South Bend, in its second-day follow-up story: "Knute Rockne was back home today. His epical Odyssey on earth was near trail's end." He was back home where thousands would "cherish his memory forever. But instead of ecstasy and joy, he brought sadness and despair. He was dead and so were the hearts of thousands who found it so hard to believe that their 'Rock' could pass so tragically at the very zenith of his glory."

All this was printed by local editors under eight-column headlines.

"The funeral," so awestruck readers were informed in the same story, "promised to be the largest in American history. . . . At Chicago thousands massed in deep formation . . . along the route followed by the funeral cortege. At South Bend, approximately 8,000 jammed the Union Station to meet his body. Sportsmen, athletes and many who never cared about football were there. Rich and poor alike"—ah, this great democracy!—"famous and obscure personages were present, and eyes everywhere welled with tears." Nevertheless, the homecoming was brief and the casket "was whisked away quickly." Then followed this touching invention, which brought the story to a total of about a thousand words:

> After Rockne's body had been placed in the [McGann's] Funeral Home [the undertaker's name made most of the wire stories] a shabby kid started to cry as he gazed into the windows.
>
> "Aw, don't cry," his playmate said.
>
> "I know; but wasn't he one great guy! Why, he used to speak even to me!"
>
> That was how South Bend felt today about Knute Rockne, who was home dead—but not forgotten.

And what about the United Press, that growing organization which admits "color" to its reports, but never condones exaggeration or overstatement? One remark will illuminate its technique in handling the present story. Notre Dame University has, in round numbers, 3,500 enrolled students, a faculty of 400, an endowment fund of a million, and a plant valued at more than five millions. Nevertheless, to the United Press, Knute Rockne's death was "the greatest tragedy that could have befallen Notre Dame." Fire, famine, pestilence, earthquake, tornado or the mere loss of scholastic standing, were possibilities to be completely overlooked.

What was accomplished by the special writers, the prima donnas of the sporting pages, is beyond the imagination of those unfamiliar with their work. No thesaurus has a longer list of laudatory adjectives than those applied to Knute Rockne. "Col." Joe Williams of The New York World-Telegram, after using twice his usual space, six times his usual number of adjectives, and more nouns indicating great and good qualities than could be counted without an adding machine, ended with the characterization, "A great coach and a great fellow, thrown for a loss by an inscrutable, mysterious fate, and with an open field, the whole world, stretching out ahead." Mr. Williams' enthusiasm was perhaps exceeded by that of his colleague Paul Gallico, of The Daily News, who announced that Rockne was "one of the four best known men in the United States." Among the sporting columnists Westbrook Pegler retained his sanity and his reportorial instincts.

Rockne's death was an occasion for statements by famous people of every type. The tributes of the "Famous Four Horsemen" are worthy of quotation. Don Miller, 1924 "Horseman" recalled "Rock" as "a beautiful personality." Elmer Layden reported, "If we fell in love with a girl, we'd go and talk the whole thing over with him." To Tom Leib he was "a genius . . . the father of us all." Frank Carideo, described as "the Little Napoleon of Rockne's 1929 and 1930 armies," hoped that "God takes care of him like he took care of us." Said Adam Walsh, captain of the Four Horsemen, "We all are broken-hearted and still stunned, but satisfied that God is watching over him. He wouldn't want us to weep and we are trying to keep a stiff upper lip."

Nor were the comments of other celebrities more restrained. The following are selected from the eminent New York Times. "Chick" Meehan of New York University: "The boys he taught and the generation he should have been spared to teach have lost the greatest influence that could have come into their lives." John F. Coffee of Fordham: "Notre Dame . . . suffers an irreparable loss." The Harvard athletic director: "One of the greatest geniuses of all times." The Syracuse University coach: "In his understanding of human nature . . . there was no man who could match

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Rockne." Will Rogers, according to the Associated Press, stood for twenty-five minutes at a luncheon table talking of the country's loss "with tears streaming from his eyes."

Then, to summarize the reports in the language of the press, Rockne was a "miracle man"—scores of newspapers used the exact words—who "had become the high priest of the American gridiron" (New York World-Telegram editorial) or "a sort of god" (New York Times), and whose death caused South Bend to "brood under the pall of a mournful silence broken only spasmodically by the dirge that pealed from the bells of the Church of the Sacred Heart." His passing was to be "solemnized with a dignified pomp in Notre Dame's new stadium, which is soon to be rededicated as a memorial to Rockne" (World-Telegram). It is certain that "thousands will storm the church" (International News Service) for what will be "the largest funeral in American history" (Associated Press). After that a memorial service over the radio—with a nation-wide hook-up, much music, and a poem specially written for the occasion by Dr. Charles Phillips, who occupies the chair of English at Notre Dame, and read by Margaret Anglin, was forecast by George Daley of The World-Telegram.

It should be noted, however, that the more effulgent plans of the myth makers failed of execution. At the request of relatives and university officials, the funeral was made "simple as possible"; it was held in a church instead of the stadium. The strangers who crowded South Bend went home without the expected thrill. The newspapers, after announcing that a knighthood would be conferred on Rockne by the King of Norway, went back to accustomed subjects like murder, adultery and threats of war. Adjectives slumbered once more in the thesaurus. "Rock" was of the ages.

America and the European Question

PROFESSOR Harold Laski, of the London School of Economics, who is now visiting the United States, commented the other day in a public address on the question of the war debts. He gave a warning that if the debts to the United States were to be canceled tomorrow, the European countries which found themselves relieved of the necessity for making additional payments would simply spend on armaments the sums thus made available. While this is probably true, some people will doubtless jump to a wrong conclusion about the alternative by which the United States is confronted. Many intelligent persons believe that for various reasons, including the advancement of American prosperity, all international payments of war debts and reparations ought to be abandoned. Should we therefore suggest to our European debtors that in exchange for a substantial reduction of armament we will forgive them their remaining obligations? This proposal is often made; but in this form, it seems to us to overlook the fundamental facts of mass psychology as manifested across international borders.

Europe already resents, as strongly as possible, what it calls our "holier-than-thou" attitude; our tendency to offer sanctimonious advice based on a failure to recognize the real and desperate problems with which, despite the existence of the League and the World Court, Locarno, the Kellogg Pact and all the rest of it, she is still confronted. An effort on our part to bribe her into being good—which is how the Europeans would describe it—would incite her people to a rage against us which would make our present degree of unpopularity seem like positive affection. Europe would have an answer ready for us, and it would be a good one: if we are so keen about limitation of armament, are we really prepared to share in the whole necessary process? Suppose a conference were to be held which had five prime objectives: first, rectification of the territorial injustices of 1919, which are chiefly responsible for keeping Europe an armed camp today; second, abolition of all the tariff barriers which so prejudice the economic life of the world; third, the giving of adequate pledges for the maintenance of peace once it has been established on a basis of justice; fourth, substantial reduction and limitation of every type of armament, on land as well as sea; fifth, the cancellation of all existing war debts and reparations obligations. Is the United States ready to enter such a conference, assuming full responsibility in regard to each of these points? Certainly the Hoover administration is not. We are not entitled to hide behind the argument that some of the European powers, such as France, are also hostile to such a proposal. Until we are ready to act vigorously and drastically for peace, it will avail us nothing to call upon Europe to be righteous, even though we throw in the offer to cancel a few billion dollars' worth of debts.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Chain Stores: Menace or Promise?

I: The Toll of Wasteful Distribution

The rise of the chain store, as New Republic readers do not need to be told, is one of the most important developments of American business in recent years. In the series of articles of which this is the first, Mr. John T. Flynn will describe the present significance of the chains in retail distribution, will report the fight against them and attempt to evaluate their merits and weaknesses from the public's standpoint.—THE EDITORS.

WHENEVER a little band of lawmakers are gathered together in the sacred name of legislation, you may be sure they are putting their heads together and thinking up things they can do to the chain stores. When these legislators were running for office last November, they were industriously questionnaired by countless merchants' associations as to where they stood on the great question of the chains.

It is not a question they can easily escape. The independent merchants do not intend to let them dismiss the poser with the airy comment that nothing can be done about the matter. The little merchant and his wholesaler ally believe something can be done about it and they are determined not to let the matter rest. Apparently the legislator will be forced to announce where he stands—on the side of the independent merchants or on the side of the chains. In his tribulation he may completely overlook a meek and humble soul in the picture—the gentleman who pays the bills. There are about 400,000 grocers in America—to select one type of merchant. That means there is about one grocer to every 300 clients. Which side will the legislator support—independent or chain-store grocer or the 300 persons who buy groceries?

Unfortunately, the question is obscured by a great deal of feeling. To the little storekeeper who believes he has his back against the wall, the problem resolves itself into a complete disaster. It is hard to expect him to reason too finely about the public interest at stake. Therefore he utters a wild appeal, full of wrath and panic, to the people to come and buy from him and to the authorities to drive the chain stores out of business. And these several hundred thousand small merchants pooling their common indignation and common anathemas have made a considerable noise.

Unfortunately, the victim in this case attracts a cluster of champions—professional defenders—who fatten on his misery. The unreasoning, abusive and violent apologists—publicity men, politicians, college professors, lawyers, "economists" and "statisticians"—who fly to the defense of the downtrodden business man who has enough money left to pay for a mouthpiece, are always an unpleasant feature of these quarrels. On the other hand the chains, with their great money resources, are able to employ their quota of professors and publicists and "economists" to furnish statistics and surveys to support their claims. These gentlemen on both sides of the controversy make one chary of entering it.

The whole question goes to the root of one of the most baffling and pressing problems which the business man has to deal with—the problem of distribution. Every variety of reason has been advanced to explain our business depression. A European recently came forward with the theory that it is caused by our excessive population, that there are more of us than can possibly be profitably employed. This is the reverse of the explanation made to me recently by the great Dutch-British oil man, Sir Henry Deterding, who thinks our salvation lies in developing our home market. He believes we have greatly injured it by restricting immigration and thus reducing the population of this country. But our old friend overproduction seems to hold first place as the villain of the piece. There are many maladjustments in our industrial structure, some bad political practices and some worse Wall Street practices, which must share the blame for our present economic plight. However, the world-wide overproduction of all sorts of basic materials and the equally excessive production of all sorts of manufactured goods in this country are doubtless the chief causes of the trouble. But when you have said this you have still left the explanation in the air. I do not think we can quarrel with a production machine which produces so much.

The fact that we have actually developed a system which can produce such a vast amount of commodities is something we can count as a distinct gain. If we look a little closer we will find that we have also learned how to produce this abundance at costs very much below the old costs, even in spite of higher wages and better working conditions. On the whole, there does not seem to be anything the matter with our producing machine. And it comes as something of a shock when we learn that we have produced too much milk and too much bread and too much steel and copper and lumber and bricks and shoes and clothes, when, as a matter of fact, we know that we have not produced enough of any of these things. We could use all that we produce and much more, too, if everybody could have what he desires in greater abundance; if, in

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other words, we could make the demand a little more effective. We have learned how to produce in great abundance and that's half the battle. The thing to deplore is not the half of the battle which we have won, but rather the other half of the battle which we have not yet even begun. We have not yet made distribution as effective as production.

We are much in the position of the town which needed a more abundant water supply, built a magnificent new reservoir, but neglected to provide any substitute for the small, rusty and defective pipes and outlets through which the increased supply was conveyed to the citizens. Our goods supply has been amazingly enlarged. But the pipes and conveyors and outlets are too small and are rusty with age. Our factories stopped because they produced more than this antiquated distributive system could carry off. If we had a system which could have drained off the product of the factories, the factories would not have stopped. Many of them are now idle, throwing hundreds of thousands out of work, while the citizens draw off the accumulation from the congested pipes. The factories will start pumping again until the pipes once more become overtaxed. Then they will stop again. This, of course, will go on indefinitely until we put in a new distributive system. At the present time the legislator should, if he feels called upon to enter the lists, be interested in improving this distributing machine. But as things stand he seems more interested in limiting production and in preserving the old outlets. Trade associations with price-fixing and production-cutting schemes seem to be arousing an alarming amount of sympathy among lawmakers.

My only interest in the chain store is that it promises a better method of getting goods from the producer to the consumer. If it can do this more economically and without impairing the quality of the goods distributed, then it will have served an immense public good. If it cannot do this better than some other system which may be devised it will doubtless pass out of existence.

The seriousness of this problem of distribution can hardly be exaggerated. Take men's clothing, for example. An amazingly intricate system is required to produce a suit of clothes. It involves not merely innumerable craft processes but a vast amount of transportation as well. Materials arrive at the factory from many sources—wool fabric, cotton fabric, thread, buttons, lining, padding, trimmings. Consider wool alone, for example. It moves from the sheep raiser to the local shipper, then to the warehouse company where it is stored and graded, scoured and sorted and packed, then to the spinner to be made into yarn and to the dyer, and then to weaver and finisher, then to the jobber and finally to the tailoring factory, where an immense organization is employed in the many processes of turning the fabric into a suit of clothes. There are perhaps as many processes in the case of cotton, trimmings, buttons, etc. And between the processes there are moves by rail or truck or water to the next process, and along with each of these moves there is all the expensive machinery of physical distribution and merchandising. The completed suit, therefore, represents intricate and numerous processes and moves. It is then delivered to the retail store, costing the retailer, let us say, $17.50. He sells it for $29. For making one more move—the final one to the consumer—the retailer charges $11.50, or two-thirds as much as for all the processes and moves prior to its arrival in his shop. It is not uncommon, and certainly not unknown, for the retailer to charge $17.50, or an amount equal to that charged by all the industries which preceded the retail operation.

The cost of goods in retail stores adds a staggering sum to the tax upon the consumer. I select department stores for the following illustration because they comprehend a great variety of merchandise, and hence may be taken as fairly representative of the retailing charge.

If you pay $2.50 for a yard of silk goods you can be reasonably sure that the store has paid only $1.50 for it. The store pays $2.70 for a yard of woolen goods and sells it to you for $4.50. It adds $1.80 a yard to take care of the single operation of retailing. If you pay $7 for a man's hat, you know the store is charging you $3 for the operation of selling it to you, and if you pay $10 for your wife's hat, the retailer's gross profit is $4.70.

Here are a few mark-ups as used in department stores. Mark-up does not mean the percentage of the price paid by the retailer which he adds to make his price. It means the percentage of the price paid by the consumer which the retailer takes for his share.

Thus, for instance, the average mark-up on a yard of linen goods is 40 percent. This means it is 40 percent of the sales price charged to the consumer. If you buy $10 worth of linen the mark-up represented in that price is 40 percent. The retailer's share of the $10 is $4. He pays $6 for the linen. He adds $4, or 66.66 percent. Thus he arrives at a price of $10, but he speaks of a 40-percent mark-up because it sounds less shocking than to speak of a 66-percent addition to the purchasing price.

I will list a few mark-ups below, supplying the percentage which the retailer adds to the price he pays for the goods.

	Percent
Silks	66
Woolen goods	66
Cotton goods	66
Laces	78
Ribbons	73
Notions	73
Jewelry	78
Stationery	73

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Neckties	70
Gloves	60
Women's shoes	66
Women's coats	66
Women's dresses	60
Furs	65
Men's shoes	60
China and glassware	74

These are average costs arrived at from compounding the mark-ups of many stores. Moreover, these are the mark-ups which are usually worked on. As a matter of fact, where goods seem to warrant it, it is not uncommon to add 100 percent to the price, and there are lines where a good deal more than that is added. I have given here the prices worked out by the Comptroller's Congress of Department Stores for stores doing a business of from $250,000 to $1,000,000 a year. In the case of department stores doing a business of more than $10,000,000—the larger stores—you might suppose the mark-up would be less. As a matter of fact, it is lower on a very few items, but it is higher, and very much higher, on many more. Thus, on articles in the much touted gift shop, the average mark-up in the smaller department stores is 77 percent; but in the big stores it is 92 percent.

Now it is only fair to add a few comments to this. First of all, the store has a mark-down as well as a mark-up. It does not succeed in getting this profit out of everybody. In spite of our much advertised one-price theory, almost every store works on a mark-up, mark-down system. It tries to get the price arrived at by adding its mark-up. If it does not succeed in doing so, or has some portion of the goods left on its hands, it then sells the balance at a reduction which reduces the profit. Thus, for instance, the store will buy a chair for $10. It will sell it for $16 or $17. If the chair does not "move" swiftly enough it will then mark it down to $15. The average mark-down on furniture is 6.6 percent of the sales price. On the other hand, if the chair is an exceptionally good-looking one, the merchant may mark it up in the first place to $20. One other comment is necessary. I do not mean by publishing these figures to accuse department-store merchants of profiteering. While I do not know that these merchants are suffering from dire want, it is a fact that many stores do not make as large a profit as the amount of money invested and the energy put into them might warrant. And many smaller merchants running individual stores have a difficult time getting along even with this large gross profit.

It is not fair to say that all the excessive costs of distribution are to be found in the retailer's shop and in the warehouse and counting room of his ally, the wholesaler and jobber. Just as the retailer must sell to his customer, and as the wholesaler must sell to his retailer, so the manufacturer must sell to the wholesaler.

Recently the manufacturer has actually undertaken to sell his product to the ultimate consumer by national advertising campaigns of branded goods. Mr. Ralph Borsodi has called attention to this in his book "The Distribution Age." With his main thesis there can be no quarrel—namely, that we must look for the causes of our mounting distribution bill not merely in the accounts of retailers and wholesalers but in the books of the manufacturer as well. In pointing out this fact, Mr. Borsodi performed a real service. But he somewhat obscured its usefulness when he attempted to push his thesis further and prove that the manufacturer has been a greater offender than the merchant.

There can be no doubt that the manufacturer has gravely exceeded the limits of sound economy in spreading his marketing costs. But there is little to be gained by exaggerating it in order to make out a case for the retailer. It is not possible to escape the figures on mark-up which I have given for independent stores and which tell the story of distribution costs more eloquently than any document I have seen on the subject. In many of these articles, the retailer wants not only more than the manufacturer expends on marketing, but as much as he expends on marketing and physical delivery and manufacturing and raw materials put together.

If we start to investigate the merchant, we can push our inquiry into excessive distribution costs not only to the door of the manufacturer but all the way back to the producer. The function of distribution is extended through a great number of stages, from the moment the first producer stores the raw materials in his barn and looks about for a buyer. There are a score of stages, and at each one there is a distribution operation consisting in merchandising the goods and in delivering them. In each case the merchandising operation is attended with heavy costs growing out of an antiquated system. And around that merchandising operation there has sprung up a group of business men and workers who have a vital interest in performing that particular operation. The same thing is true of the actual delivery, but to a greater degree. It is impossible to follow the endless steps in transportation which enter into commerce.

Indeed, almost all the costs of production and what precedes it are made up of endless handling. People think of the transportation problem as consisting in railroad or truck or water shipments. The actual movement of goods around factories is quite as large a problem. It must be remembered that the first real factories were considered to be places where all the processes of manufacture were performed. At first many parts of completed articles were made elsewhere and then assembled in a central shop. There was a serious transportation problem in the delivery of parts to the central shop. Later, as factories became integrated, it meant that the production of parts and the carrying on of successive processes were merely

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brought closer together. There was still an inter-plant transportation problem. In recent years the solution of this problem under the name of handling has resulted in the most important savings in the process of production and, incidentally, has contributed so much to that problem called technological unemployment.

I have given so detailed a description in order to emphasize the enormity and extent of the whole problem of distribution, also to limit that section of the problem with which I propose to deal. The most serious and difficult aspect of distribution is that part which lies in the domain of the merchant. When we see merchants—even large-scale merchants dealing directly with the manufacturer—demanding 50, 60 and even 100 percent for making the last and final move in distribution, we realize that it is at this point that distribution can be attacked on the grounds of inefficiency. There are merchants who have demonstrated that they can save 10 percent in the cost of this process. Many of them are doing it. If this saving can become general in the whole field of retail distribution, and if Professor Nystrom's statement that the country spends $35,000,000,000 a year at retail is true, it will mean a gain of $3,500,000,000 a year to the American people. The importance of this in its application to all our present industrial problems is so great that we cannot afford to ignore it.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

In his second article, to be published next week, Mr. Flynn names some enemies of the chains, and describes the measures proposed by these enemies to regulate or abolish them.—THE EDITORS.

All About Books

YOUR LAST letter ends with the following sentence: "The cold profile of Mont Blanc; falling snow; peasants and pine trees; a string of stout fellows roped together with alpenstocks—such is the prospect from my window; so for pity's sake, draw your chair to the fire, take your pen in your hand and write me a long, long letter all about books." But you must realize that a long, long letter is apt to be exaggerated, inaccurate and full of those irreticences and hyperboles which the voice of the Speaker corrects in talk. A letter is not a review; it is not a considered judgment, but, on condition that you do not believe a word I say, I will scribble for an hour or two whatever comes into my head about books.

That it has been a very bad season goes without saying. The proof of it is that old Mr. Baddeley had read "Guy Mannering" for the fifty-eighth time. Never was Jane Austen in greater demand. Trollope, Dickens, Carlyle and Macaulay are all providing that solace, that security, that sense that the human heart does not change, which our miserable age requires and our living authors so woefully fail to provide. When, therefore, the rumor spread that the diary of an old clergyman called Cole who had gone to Paris in the autumn of 1765 was about to be published, nd that Miss Waddell had put her brilliance and her erudition at our service, a purr of content and anticipation rose from half the armchairs of England. This Cole, moreover, was not anybody's Cole; he was Horace Walpole's Cole; nor does it need any pedantic familiarity with history to be aware that the autumn of 1765 was for one old blind woman in Paris the most excruciating, the most humiliating, the most ecstatic, of her life. At last Horace Walpole had come, after what snubs, what humiliations, what bitter disappointments. At last Madame du Deffand would not indeed see him in the flesh, but feel him with the spirit. He would be in the same room with her; he would talk his broken French; she would feel come over her that strange delight, that abasement, that ecstasy—call it not love, for love he would not have it called—which the presence of the elderly and elegant Horace never failed to inspire in a heart that had long outlived any sensation but boredom and disgust. It was in that very autumn that Cole chose to visit Paris. Cole, it seemed probable, since Walpole liked him, would have eyes in his head; certainly he had a diary in his portmanteau. What revelations might one not expect. What indiscretions? What confidences from one Englishman to another? And Horace Walpole was willing. Every day he sent his servant to ask Cole to dinner. And every day—it is incredible what the dead will do but it is true—Cole preferred to go sightseeing. He went to Nôtre Dame; he went to the Sorbonne; he went to the Convent of that Virgin, to the Cathedral of this Saint. When he came home he sat down "to digest and methodize" what he had seen. He was too tired to dine with Mr. Walpole. So instead of revelations we have information. "On the right Hand of the High Altar as one enters. . . . The Dome of this Church is very beautiful. . . . Over the Door is a curious alto-Relievo representing the last Supper. . . ." That is what he writes about, and of course about the habits of the natives. The habits of the natives are disgusting; the women hawk on the floor; the forks are dirty; the trees are poor; the Pont-Neuf is not a patch on London Bridge; the cows are skinny; morals are licentious; polish is good; cabbages cost so much; bread is made of

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coarse flour; Mr. Drumgold could not with Patience mention the Character of John-James Rousseau; the Coles are distantly related to the Herberts; and a French turkey is about the size of an English hen. How natural it all is! How admirable Mr. Cole would be at home in his own parish! How gladly we will read sixteen volumes about life in Bletchley if Miss Waddell will print them! But the present volume is nothing short of torture. "Cole," one is inclined to cry, "if you don't give up sightseeing today; if you don't dine with Mr. Walpole; if you don't report every word he says, leaving Drumgold out of it altogether; if you don't turn the talk somehow upon Madame du Deffand; if you don't somehow tell us more about one of the most curious affairs of the heart that was ever transacted, or failing that, rake up a few odds and ends of interest about that amazing society that was playing spillikins on the verge of revolution, we will——" But what can we do? The dead have no sense whatever of what is due to posterity. Mr. Cole imperturbably pulls on his boots and proceeds to visit the Sorbonne.

Must one then read "Guy Mannering," or take Jane Austen from the bookshelf? No, the advantage of belonging to a good library is that it is only upon very exceptional occasions that one need have recourse to the classics. New books, in fresh jackets, are delivered daily, and good books, too—"Things I Remember," by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, for instance, a very terrible book; "The Diary of a Somersetshire Parson"—a very absorbing book; "By Guess and by God"—a very exciting yet infinitely childish book; and "Scrutinies," a collection of critical essays by various writers. But what kind of book is "Scrutinies"? That indeed I cannot tell you at the moment for the good reason that I have not read it; but you can guess from the title and a glance at the table of contents that it consists of articles by the tolerably young—Messrs. Alec Brown, B. Higgins, Mary Butts, Jack Lindsay, P. Quennell, Sherard Vines, C. Saltmarshe and so on upon the tolerably old—Messrs. Eliot, Huxley, Joyce, Lawrence, Sitwell, Strachey and so on. And if I hesitate to read beyond the title page at present it is for the very sound and simple reason that it is so much pleasanter to look upon the young than upon the old—the young who are fresh and pliable, who have not stiffened into attitudes and hardened into wrinkles. Beauty is theirs now, as soon the future will be theirs also. Let us therefore leave the figures of the elders where they stand and turn our bull's eye upon the advancing and victorious hordes of youth.

And what is our first impression as we look? A very strange one. How orderly they come! One could swear that they are all arrayed in troops, and all march in step, and all halt, charge and otherwise behave themselves under the command of officers mounted upon chargers. As far as one can see—a bull's eye it must be admitted is not a very steady or comprehensive weapon—there is not a single straggler or deserter among them; there is no dancing or disorder; no wild voice cries alone; no man or woman breaks the ranks and leaves the troop and takes to the wilderness stirring desire and unrest among the hearts of his companions. All is orderly, all is preconcerted. If division there is, even that is regular. Camp is opposed to camp; the hostile parties separate, form, meet, fight, leave each other for dead upon the ground; rise, form and fight again. Classic is opposed to romantic; naturalist to metaphysic. Never was there such a sight since the world began. Never—as they come nearer this too becomes certain—were the young so well equipped as at present. No more respectable army has ever issued from the portals of the two great universities—none more courageous, more instructed, more outspoken, more intolerant of humbug in all its forms, better fitted to deal pretense its death and falsity its finish—and yet (for all these flowers of course conceal a viper) there is a fatal defect; they do not lead; they follow. Where is the adventurous, the intolerant, the immensely foolish young man or woman who dares to be himself? He or she must of course be there. He or she will in time to come make himself known. But at present, since he always keeps the ranks, since if he fights he is careful like Sir Walter Blunt in "Henry the Fourth" to wear the armor of his king, there is no knowing him at present from the seven hundred and fifty-five others who are similarly disguised.

If this is true, if there is now a uniformity and a drill and a discretion unknown before, what do you think can be the reason? In one word, and I have room for one only and that is murmured in your private ear—education. Some years since, for reasons, unknown but presumably of value, it must have occurred to someone that the arts of reading and of writing can be taught. Degrees were given at the universities to those who showed proficiency in their native tongue. And the teachers of the living language were not old and hoary; as fitted their subject they were young and supple. Persuasion sat on their tongues, and the taught, instead of mocking, loved their teachers. And the teachers took the manuscripts of the young and drew circles of blue chalk round this adjective and circles of red chalk round that adverb. They added in purple ink what Pope would have thought and what Wordsworth would have said. And the young, since they loved their teachers, believed them. Hence it came about that instead of knowing that the sun was in the sky and the bird on the branch the young knew the whole course of English literature from one end to another; how one age follows another; and one influence cancels another; and one style is derived from another; and one phrase is better than another. They took service under their teachers instead of riding into battle alone. All their marriages—and what are the five years between twenty and twenty-five in the life of a

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writer but years of courtship and wedding, of falling in love with words and learning their nature and how to mate them by one's own decree in sentences of one's own framing?—all their marriages were arranged in public; tutors introduced the couples; lecturers supervised the amours; and examiners finally pronounced whether the fruit of the union was blessed or the reverse. Such methods, of course, produced an erudite and eugenic offspring. But, one asks turning over the honest, the admirable, the entirely sensible and unsentimental pages, where is love? meaning by that where is the sound of the sea and the red of the rose, music, imagery and a voice speaking from the heart?

That this is all great nonsense I am well aware. But what else can you expect in a letter? The time has come to open "Scrutinies" and begin to read——no, the time has come to rake out the cinders and go to bed.

London. VIRGINIA WOOLF.

On Being Fired

IT WOULD have been very sensible if, when the depression hit America, they had fired all the advertising men and applied their salaries to drought relief. Instead, they fired only a comparative few, myself included. That, of course, was something. One mustn't expect too much. I am no idealist. I am, or try to be, a realist, and my lack of a job is a very real and present fact. Well, I have no job, but perhaps I have a story.

Three weeks ago I returned from a brief vacation to find in my mail a not wholly unexpected blue envelope. My boss was thoroughly kind, considerate and regretful. He had no complaint to make about my work (most of my accounts had in fact been rather successful). But in the curtailment of his staff made necessary, first, by a merger with another agency, and, second, by the business depression, he felt it only fair to retain the people who devoted their entire time and interest to the business (at my own insistence I had been working only half-time for the past year). He had a particular date in mind, but if that did not seem satisfactory to me he would be glad to reconsider it.

I told my boss that I thought his decision both just and sensible, and that in his position I would have done the same. After which, for a brief interval, I behaved exactly like any other human atom snatched suddenly from its habitual economic orbit.

I promptly stopped work on a long poem in which I was thoroughly engrossed. I went to the telephone, beat up the town for another job and obtained a partial assurance of one—a well paid, full-time job which, if I accept it, will relieve me wholly of any economic apprehension and greatly simplify my divided existence. I shall in that case no longer function as a poet, a radical and an advertising man. I shall be simply an advertising man.

Probably I shan't take that job. Probably I shan't take any job. But I give no assurance to myself or to anybody else. I burn no economic bridges. I have not only myself to support, but my dependents. And I have no aptitude, no interest and no experience in any form of commercial writing except advertising writing.

For me, writing, as distinguished from advertising writing, which is merely business, is a means of social communication. Its content is inevitably the fabric of human relations, the human adventure, of which the writer is himself a part. Here an ethical value enters unmistakably. In this field it is important for a man to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, in so far as he is capable of doing so. It is important, not merely as an ethical obligation to his fellows, but to ensure his own moral, mental and spiritual health and power of growth. But, you will ask, is not advertising also a means of social communication, and do not the same moral and ethical obligations apply? Not quite. The seller's signature at the bottom of the advertisement is, in effect, a *caveat emptor,* and is so understood.

My self-respect has derived a good deal of comfort from that *caveat emptor.* At least, I told myself, I gave my bemused reader a chance to put up his hands before I feinted at his mind and then slammed him in the solar plexus of his emulative hopes and fears. Yet I knew all the time it wasn't fair fighting. I am not too good at kidding myself. That, I suppose, is why I am a better radical than I am an advertising man. In the past some of my employers have been shrewd enough to perceive this. Some years ago one of them concluded a touching parting scene by observing: "You're a swell copy writer, Reilly. Absolutely the only trouble with you is that you're not loyal to the things you don't believe in." . . . It is not an easy life. At times I have been broke enough to pray that in my next incarnation I might be born with brass knuckles and an iron stomach.

I am a radical, but not an idealist. Like the majority of my fellow men, I am an opportunist. In order to function at all, ideally or otherwise, I must first ensure my economic survival. The only way I can do this is by participating in a civilization which is neither ideal nor ethical. Here, of course, my radical philosophy enters. I have a low

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opinion of our commercial civilization. For me, the truth is simply not in it. In our capitalist civilization I consider it very difficult, if not impossible, for any man, whether he be doctor, lawyer, merchant, priest, to speak and act the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and still survive.

Once I knew two men who undertook to do this. The state put them in jail. They endured years of legal torture. In the end they died in the electric chair. They were idealists.

I knew the men, not personally, but through friends, and through their writings. I saw clearly what was happening. I thought and still think that it was humanly obscene and damnable. I raged and wept—I, who had been at the front in the last War, and had, or thought I had, few enough illusions about anything. I wrote against it, coolly and reasonably, then hotly. I marched in protest and was jailed myself. And all the time I knew it wouldn't do any good. At the time I held an advertising job, which meant that I earned my living by my skill at leading mobs by the nose to market. In addition, I had a certain amount of amateur social psychology in my head. The tides that move the human species are old and not pretty. I knew it wouldn't do any good. One could and should protest in the name of some curious quality or value which the human species occasionally secretes, and which for convenience one calls decency. Beyond that one may, if one likes, resign from the species.

I do not resign. I compromise. For me and my economic needs the advertising business offers relatively good terms. It has emerged from its patent-medicine past and is today highly respectable. It is, in fact, necessary and functional in the maintenance of our present economic system, whereas commercial fiction lacks even that justification. Mass production requires mass distribution and mass demand. Advertising manufactures mass demand more cheaply on the whole than it can be obtained in any other way. Mass production, accelerated and increased by applied science —machines beget more machines in logarithmic ratio—requires applied science in the manufacture of demand. Accordingly, the advertising agencies have become, if not scientific, at least impressively skillful and logical. They play a very simple tune on two strings—fear and emulation. And the mob follows this modern Pied Piper in numbers almost mathematically proportioned to the loudness of the music.

As an advertising man, therefore, I am respectable. I am constructive. I am engaged in disseminating a material culture. I stimulate consumption. I sneer at the Joneses who are not keeping up with the other Joneses. I roll up a new wave of potential consumption for Henry Ford to finance: Mr. Ford and his as yet rather timorous disciples in the new economic faith of "making everybody rich." Is it not wonderful, as a former employer of mine once remarked, that through advertising I can devote my literary gifts to something useful? Wonderful, indeed. But I am also a radical.

What is a radical? What kind of radical am I? I am not quite sure. In fact, it is only by the most strenuous self-analysis that I am able to extract this tentative definition: I am a student; a radical student, because what *is*, is always more interesting than what seems, and makes better poetry. For the observation of what is, there are few better watchtowers than this excruciating modern contrivance, the advertising agency. I have been in and out of the advertising business for nearly fifteen years. If I am a radical, whose fault is it? Advertising has made me what I am today. Advertising has made me a radical—not a liberal, but a radical. I am well acquainted with the liberal attitudes in politics, in social relations in general, in business. My ex-boss is a liberal. He runs his business as decently as he can and still make money—a lot of money. He doesn't deal with cheap and dirty patent-medicine men. He doesn't use bought-and-paid-for testimonials. He is a liberal, a power for good in the world of business. But he stays in that world. He tries more or less successfully to write ethical glosses upon the rules of the game. But he plays the game, the game of profits, the game which is fast plunging our whole Western civilization into a sickening welter of war and madness and human stultification.

Very well, that is perhaps his destiny. It is not mine. I have lost all interest in tinkering with the mechanics of a machine which is diving swiftly toward destruction and chaos. The people who are running the machine are not villains. Most of them are poor devils like myself, who have to stay aboard the machine in some capacity in order to live at all. They are desperately afraid the machine will break down. Sometimes they climb out heroically on the fuselage and try to patch it. They tell themselves sincerely that they are trying to save civilization and they are entitled to their faith.

It is not my faith. After fifteen years in and out of the advertising business, I see, or think I see, where the machine is headed. I see no chance of our capitalist civilization socializing itself through a relatively painless transition. I think some of our liberal business men would genuinely like to make everybody rich, but I do not think it is the nature of the capitalist machine to do so—even if it were not a cheap and stupid objective, which it is.

From my monk's cell near the top of one our new Middle Western skyscrapers I look down upon the fair city about which I have written so many loud and commendatory words. Whether those words were true or not is really beside the point They were functional words—functional with relation to the economic system of which I am a part Excuse me—*was* a part. The thought is stimulating. I still occupy my office, but am no longer a

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part of it. I am outside the system—as much outside it as that black huddle of hopeless automotive workers swarming outside the factory corral across the river. I am a private—no, a second lieutenant—in the great army of the technologically unemployed. I am free—ironic word! Let me use my newly acquired freedom to see past the seeming of this great city and tell myself what it really is.

From where I sit I can look straight down for twenty-four stories. I can look east, north into Canada, and south for twenty miles. These vistas are typically American and twentieth century. If I had sufficient knowledge and vision back of my eyes I could tell you what America is and even perhaps to some extent what it will be. I cannot do this. But perhaps I can see and tell a little of the truth that lies beneath the surface of our business habit patterns; the truth which our civilization is either hurrying to overtake or running frantically away from—I am not sure which.

I look down and what I see is power. Power in the controlled sweep and stop of the motor traffic on the boulevard; power in the lifting masses of the skyscrapers. Power—surely this is power greater than the world has ever known before. I see it, but for some reason I do not feel it. Whose power? Not mine. Yet I am a part of this civilization, even though unemployed at the moment. The poor, the unemployed, we have always with us. If it were true power, human power, I should not only see it but feel it as a part of myself. I cannot do this. There is something the matter with this power, something strained and impotent about these phallic monuments that press upward out of the swirl of the mid-town canyons; something phantasmagoric about the racing tides of the motor traffic on the boulevard.

There is an architect on the floor above me. He designs skyscrapers among other things. I have talked with him and he tells me that I am right. There is something the matter with this power. It is functional with relation to commerce, but not with relation to the earth; not with relation to human life. It is, in fact, a little absurd; the part proclaiming itself the whole; the tail wagging the dog. Egoism, whether in human beings or in architecture, is not power. It is merely madness.

The architect, of course, is an artist, and therefore his views must be discounted. We should have chaos in no time if we let the artists run our civilization—impractical dreamers that they are! What we want is strong, silent men: business men: men who *know*. Let us not trouble their hearts and cloud their minds with our feeble repinings. Let us place ourselves trustfully in their strong hands, and they will bring us through. Give them time, only time—God, how many centuries they have had—and they will make everybody rich!

My boss is such a man. He owns part of this skyscraper. He is in his middle forties and is worth several million dollars. He is an able person. He has the cool, balanced energy of a steam turbine. He has, in addition, much humor, human grace and generosity—too much, perhaps. For I have studied his face in repose and recoiled at what I saw.

True, I saw this only once. Maybe I didn't see it at all. That is the trouble with me, you see. I am not a real advertising man. I see things and hear things. It interferes with my business career. Sooner or later this vice will ruin me.

I see things, and hear things. At night I sit in my office with the lighted city below me and a task before me on my desk. My task is to condition the reflexes of ten million shopgirls. I know how to do it. When I am finished, all that remains will be for the artist to draw the pictures, the engravers and the typographers to do their work and the advertiser to contribute the million dollars that this campaign will cost—it is only a small campaign.

I am a fairly well disciplined worker. I am not sentimental about these shopgirls. Yet, as I work I find my eyes gazing out of the window. There below me lies the spectral hulk of one of the world's greatest department stores, dark and heavy with the weight of the thousands of feet that have trod its aisles all day. And in some far corner of my mind I hear a persistent, birdlike murmur of voices. I am not sentimental about these shopgirls. As things are, I wouldn't know what to do with them, other than what I am doing. But if I were to love one of them, what I am doing now would seem to me to be abominable.

Voices. Our offices and the other offices in the building are practically deserted, yet this skyscraper is full of voices. The voice of the aging elevator man who put his arm around a stenographer and was fired in consequence. He is telling God he didn't mean any harm. Voices. The buzzing malice of that cold-blooded little blonde who plans to marry her account executive and make a man of him, as the phrase is. That voice is fierce enough to build a skyscraper, and maybe it will some day. Voices. Voices of fear, and shallow lust; voices of frustrated dreams and sick bewilderment. The creak and groan of a great machine that is running down because its inhumanly ruthless energy has slain the human will and desire that alone can keep it going. These voices will ruin me—have ruined me. It is not true that I was fired. I fired myself because of the voices.

I am sorry. The poet has got out of hand. I had intended the advertising man to write this story. Very well. The advertising man sees things, too, and hears them.

As an advertising man I sit in my watchtower and gaze far up and down the long canyons of American industry, business and finance. I read a dope sheet compiled in Washington by able journalists who operate a two-way line of communication between what seems to be government in Washington, and what *is* government, in so far as we have any, functioning in the directors' rooms of

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a couple of hundred large industrial and financial corporations.

Jones calls up. He is afraid that a certain industry in which he is interested is likely to be ruined by a new technological development. I do my best to soothe his apprehensions, because he is a client and his advertising account is worth a good deal of money to my company. But an hour later my friend Robinson, the engineer, drops in and tells me that Jones is right, except that he doesn't know the half of it. He tells me the other half and I mentally write Jones off the list of active and profitable clients. Robinson is in good form. With a touch of triumphant sadism he tells me about a dozen other technological developments, every one of them more revolutionary than the comparatively insignificant invention which will inevitably bankrupt poor Jones. Science. Applied science. Applied to what? To the making of profits, of course, and so, through our mysteriously balanced system of buying and selling, to our progress in the fulfilment of human desires and dreams. Problem: find the progress, or, at the moment, the profit.

It has been a long, hard day. I glance at my desk clock. In twenty minutes I must rush to catch the train for my somewhat remote suburban home on a hill above the lake. A little time to think. About my future. Behold, the man without any future in the world of things as they are, is thinking about his future!

Yet I am strangely happy. Perhaps it is because I am going home, and my home is so unbusinesslike. My wife will be at the station to meet me, and together we will drive ten miles in the moonlight, over bad roads, to the isolated farm which we bought and paid for out of the conditioned reflexes of those ten million shopgirls. The road ends at our farm. It is quiet. A hundred times I have marveled at how that quiet can wipe out a hundred years of technological progress and gather mind and heart into a flow of time deeper than all trouble. It has many moods. In the moonlight it will be ravishing and a little cruel, especially since the long drought has parched even the leaves of the trees—made them brittle and rattling.

The drought has hurt our crops, but not seriously. Last week I harvested twelve bushels of potatoes. The deer have eaten half our green corn, but the remaining half is sufficient for our needs. Next spring I must lay traps for the woodchucks. Then perhaps we shall be able to raise some parsnips—there will be only a few this year. But plenty of potatoes. Also there are beets and tomatoes that we can preserve in jars. And plenty of standing timber that can be converted into firewood.

About a month from now another merger of advertising agencies will be consummated. As a result, a score or so of copywriters will probably be fired. But, also as a result, it seems likely that I shall be offered a well paid job.

I think it will be better for me not to take that job. Better, and perhaps safer. Is it the advertising man who is saying this, or the radical, or the poet? You may take your choice.

Alexander the Goat

THE WEEK of March 23 promised to be sweetly calm in Washington. Congress was out of the way. The Chief, with the furtive smile of a boy playing hookey from school on the day of the mid-term examination, was on the high seas. It would be a comfortable week, disturbed by nothing more exciting than speculation on when the cherry blossoms would burst forth.

The calm lasted only until the Monday morning papers appeared with the Farm Board announcement that it would not "make stabilization purchases from the 1931 wheat crop." The morning headlines might as well have been: "Farm Board Failure Admitted." At once the farm-relief hounds were in full cry. Jim Watson, manfully stifling his love for his Chief, led the pack in pursuit once more of the equalization-fee rabbit. Chester Gray of the Farm Bureau, panting a little, came hot on Jim's heels. Borah veered off, as usual, towards the export-debenture trail. Dickinson and Capper (do you recall Carlyle on Daniel Webster? "God Almighty never created a man half as wise as he looks") were unwilling to pick up the right scent at once, so opined that things looked "grave." The open season on farm relief, in other words, is now on.

It is worth noting that Mr. Hoover was miles away from Washington when this latest Farm Board announcement was released. Come to think of it, have any important Farm Board announcements, exclusive of appointments, carried the White House label? I can think of none. The distance between the White House and the Farm Board offices might be a thousand miles instead of three blocks. Not once has the President, the surface record suggests, even so much as intimated more than a friendly but detached interest. The chairman of the Farm Board, the public has been led to believe, runs the show.

That was so easy to believe with two-fisted Alexander Legge at the helm. Obviously so sturdy, so hearty and so independent a citizen would run the show the way he wanted to, or not at all.

Alas for such a virile picture! The truth is that

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it matters little who the chairman of the Federal Farm Board is, or who its members are. Mr. Hoover, although he may not appear to, runs the Board just as surely as he ran the Department of Commerce, just as surely as he now runs all the Cabinet departments. He picks men who will do only what he wants done. The Chief himself modestly—and cautiously—sits in the background. The boys out in front get all the rotten eggs and vegetables.

The passing of Mr. Legge from the scene, for these and other reasons, has not been appropriately commemorated. A great leader always deserves more than a nod of tribute. When that great leader is simultaneously the humble follower of another great leader, he must be given tribute for both leading and following. To give such tribute is a pleasant duty.

Mr. Legge's apparent candor and prairie forthrightness of speech, coupled with the aura of industrial leadership, made it difficult to believe he would be a humble follower. Examination of the political genesis of the Agricultural Marketing Act, however, and of the policies of the Farm Board, clearly suggests that no chairman of the Farm Board, under this administration, could be anything but a humble follower in the timid footsteps of Hesitant Herbert.

You will recall Hoover's anxiety to get the Jardine farm-relief bill passed and in force before the last Republican convention. That would have sidetracked farm relief in the 1928 campaign. The canny Calvin, approached with the desirability of such a move, grinned. Credit where credit is due. Let the Wonder Boy have the honor of sponsoring and signing the bill himself.

It was of course politically impossible to ignore the demand for some sort of farm-relief legislation. The depression of 1921 had made too deep a mark on agriculture to be waved away. Every politician had to recognize the farmer's plight, and recognize it vociferously. The party in power, however, squelched moves for an equalization fee and price fixing. That left them in the uncomfortable attitude of pure negation. To extricate themselves—for they still publicly moaned about the farmer's plight, and so had to suggest something—they needed a plan that would pacify the agrarian West and be innocuous to the financial East.

That pacifier turned out to be the sweet sop of "self-help for agriculture" through coöperative marketing. The West couldn't object to that. Even the United States Chamber of Commerce fell in line, "provided it does not interfere with established business." But the Western radicals, though friendly to coöperative marketing, pointed out that the co-ops didn't handle enough volume to influence the market. The conservative co-op leaders themselves were unwilling to assume responsibility of surplus control for the benefit of the many not associated with co-ops. The only escape from this impasse was to invent some special machinery for control of surpluses. The stabilization corporation, presumably to be organized at the insistence of the coöperatives themselves through their advisory committee, was the invention adopted and finally incorporated in the Agricultural Marketing Act.

The stabilization-corporation device and the co-operative-marketing morsel were both written into the Republican party platform of 1928. That was insufficient solace to the diehard McNary-Haugenites. Twice defeated by a Coolidge veto, defeated both as to platform and candidate (Lowden) at Kansas City, they journeyed down to Houston, though against the advice of the shrewder politicians among them. At Houston they got a platform which promised the equalization fee in terms so skillfully devised that the country couldn't understand what was promised. But it was of sufficient nutriment to the leg-weary McNary-Haugenites. One can measure the vagueness of the Democratic sop by the fact that the equalization fee, clearly understood and heartily hated in the East, was specifically denounced by ex-Governor Smith in the pages of that late-lamented journal, The New York World.

The McNary-Haugenites bet on the wrong horse, one that couldn't possibly win. The election was in no sense a referendum on the Hoover brand of farm relief. Nevertheless, the McNary-Haugenites landed in Washington as a group temporarily discredited, and the election gave the farm plank in the Republican platform a semblance of public endorsement.

In the special session of Congress that followed, two forces worked for the Hoover farm-relief program, but from vastly different motives. One group, composed of sincere and docile friends, was there to follow the Superman wherever he might lead. The other group, composed of sincere and pestiferous enemies, supported the administration bill because they were confident of its ultimate failure. They supported it, that is, provided they could indelibly label the legislation Hoover's.

A group of Senators waited upon the President and asked him what the bill should include. Mr. Hoover, falling headlong into the trap, remarked dramatically that it was for Congress to legislate, for him merely to carry out the dictates of Congress. So the Senate passed the administration bill with the export debenture tacked onto it, Hoover denounced the debenture plan viciously, indicating plainly that the rest of the bill was all right. That was all the Senators wanted. That permitted them to label the resulting legislation, the Agricultural Marketing Act, as Hoover's farm-relief plan. And how joyously they have, from time to time since, laid that baby on his doorstep!

No one—Hoover, Legge or any member of the administration—liked the stabilization-corporation

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idea. Yet they had to incorporate it or something that smelled even worse in the Act, or the farce would have been too broad even for these United States. They hoped, of course, that stabilization would remain of only academic interest, like some other parts of the Act, never to be put to use or otherwise employed.

Legge staved it off as long as he could. Senators besieged him to do something about the wheat and cotton surplus. They pointed to the language of the Act as virtually compelling the Farm Board to do something about surpluses. The Board first tried to divert public attention by advancing loans on wheat and cotton to the coöperatives for payments to members. But the pressure was not to be resisted forever. The stock-market crash made the loan policy look sick. Finally, in February, 1930, seven months after the Farm Board took office, the Grain Stabilization Corporation was organized. It bought some sixty million bushels of our surplus wheat.

The noble experiment didn't pan out so well, judged either on economic or political grounds. (There were congressional elections in the fall of 1930, you may recall.) During the summer of 1930 Legge made it pretty plain that the Farm Board was through with stabilization. Oh, emergencies might conceivably arise, of course, but . . . and so on.

In a speech at the Iowa State Fair on August 25, Legge went so far as to give several sound reasons why "the proposal to buy 100 million bushels of wheat, although it might raise prices temporarily, would intensify some of the effects of the wheat surplus without leading to any real solution." He pointed out, as his economists jogged his elbow, that such a purchase would accelerate movement of wheat from farms; it would cut down exports during the cream of our export season; it would increase terminal congestion and the price spread between farm and terminal; it would not permanently raise the level of wheat prices; it would discriminate against farmers who had already sold.

Wherefore, on November 17, Chairman Legge announced: "Demoralization in world grain markets has made it necessary for the Grain Stabilization Corporation to again enter the wheat market in order to stop panicky selling and to prevent further unwarranted declines in domestic prices." And the Farm Board began accumulating that 100 million bushels of wheat, and then another 100 million bushels, which the chairman, on August 25, had said "would intensify some of the effects of wheat surplus without leading to any real solution." How right you were in August, Alex!

In all this stabilization hubbub not a peep has come from the occupant of the White House. Legge's actions, if not his words, were politically inevitable in view of the origin of the Hoover farm-relief program. Legge had to stand the gaff, but he didn't relish it much. He probably acted the only way he could and still play the game. He was perfectly willing to "get in there and fight," but he balked at the notion of dying for dear old Siwash. Economic judgment, of course, had nothing to do with the case.

Similarly, Legge, not Hoover, was the target in the squabble with the United States Chamber of Commerce last May. Legge was again the target and the subject of many gibes in the futile pother about acreage reduction. He knew the hopelessness of an appeal for voluntary acreage reduction and recognized the essential hypocrisy in the scheme: if the farmers won't cut acreage and reduce production, the Farm Board can't do anything for them.

But surely the astute Alex did not know that, while his jeers and thrusts at the Chamber of Commerce won the applause of Non-Partisan Leaguers in the Northwest, and while his "hog-in-the-trough" label for Kansas and the "go-to-hell" compliment to two Kansas editors won him ridicule and even enmity in the Southwest, he was sponsoring a futile acreage-reduction program conceived as early as 1924 by the Chamber's spiritual kin, the Chief's own Department of Commerce.

In The Pacific Rural Press for February 7, 1925, Mr. Hoover gave this as the view of the Department of Commerce on the agricultural problem: "Generally the fundamental need is a balancing of agricultural production to our home demand." The same he said in "The Long View of Farming," published in The Country Gentleman for January 10, 1925. So, while his Department was bending every effort to extend foreign markets for our tariff-protected industry, Hoover said to farmers, in effect: "Give up your lands, leave your farms and withdraw from foreign markets." That was then the Department of Commerce policy—for farmers. That is now the administration policy—for farmers.

Mr. Legge himself argues very plausibly that the doctrine of acreage reduction to home needs is sound doctrine—for farmers. It may be that he believes it, at least in theory. It were well that he did, since the Chief he labored for those nineteen months (including "eight months overtime") certainly seems to believe in it. "Help yourselves by acreage reduction" has become the latest version of the "self-help" platitude and the ground for trotting out an alibi for the failure of the administration's farm-relief program.

Quite possibly other Farm Board policies could be traced directly back to the farmer's friend in the White House. The Department of Agriculture and Secretary Hyde have of course appeared only incidently in the picture, sometimes as an adornment to the Farm Board, sometimes merely cluttering up the right of way.

Alex Legge, proven executive that he is, ran the Farm Board, but the Great Engineer ran him.

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There are those who think he ran him ragged.

If it still seems amazing that so vigorous and hard-boiled a citizen as Legge should meekly follow the leader, reflect that it is part of the American saga that our leaders follow ever higher and higher impulses. Dr. Hoover, for the time being, controls the source of all higher impulses.

A. U. P.

On a Tenant Farm

THEY ARE plowing again down in Alabama. They are getting ready to raise another cotton crop. Some of the men who are plowing are hungry. They don't have enough to eat. And with hunger gnawing at their vitals they plow in earnest, because they are in a desperate situation and they exist in terrible anxiety. So they plow hard.

Cotton is selling for a little over eight cents a pound. Huge truckloads of last year's crop may still be seen quite frequently as they haul the white stuff from place to place. It is said that they actually lose money if they sell at eight cents, and therefore much of it is not being sold. They are storing it, and hoping for a higher price. God knows when a higher price will come.

But out in the fields men are plowing hard. They are leaving no stones unturned in their effort for another big crop of cotton. You know they call cotton "white gold." With jobs scarce and money scarce they need something with which to buy clothes and food for their wives and children; they think cotton is the only thing left.

The government-demonstration men are telling them not to plant cotton. They are telling them to plant peas and potatoes and other kinds of crops. The demonstration agents tell them that there is too much cotton. They tell them that they can make bigger profits if they will plant these crops. But the tenant farmer does not think himself any fool; he thinks that he knows as much about farming as the agent. In fact, many tenants think they know more. And they still believe that cotton is their "white gold."

The tenant farmer has a philosophy of his own. It is a method of thought whereby he not only proves his superiority to the government agent, but at the same time embodies a scheme. It is a scheme which will enable him to make "big money." But it is one which tenant farmers have employed for years and which many have followed straight to financial disaster.

At the farm meetings, the tenants hear the agents say, "Plant no more cotton." The agents don't always say, "Plant no cotton"; sometimes they say, plant "a little cotton," but "a little cotton" means "no cotton" to most of the tenants. "I'll go the whole hog or none" is a very popular expression among them. Many of the tenants never bother about even attending the farm meetings. They know what the agent will say about planting cotton anyhow. But those who do go finally return home and begin to think. They have heard the agent say plant "no cotton." So it is obvious that if they as individuals have a big cotton crop, it will mean prosperity for them. Gradually the news spreads. It is highly infectious, and many even tingle with excitement. Yet in reality it amounts to nothing, for they all plant cotton in the end.

Things are different this year. Now times are really hard. But the old philosophy still prevails. The difference is that they are setting about the procedure more earnestly, more diligently. They are also encountering more difficulties as they set out to exploit their dream. It's just a little bit harder than usual to get fertilizer, seed, feed for the stock. But somehow they managed to get these necessities, and now they are out plowing. All day long they walk behind their mules. They have not yet learned the term "overproduction."

They talk about drought. Some say the drought curtailed the cotton crop last year. If the drought had held off, perhaps they would not be making the soil ready for more cotton seeds now. Probably they would still be engaged in gathering last year's crop—so big it might have been, and so rich they might be now. . . .

They talk about Muscle Shoals, too, but nobody seems to know what it is or what it means. With the tenant farmer possibly that is where its appeal lies. They can think about it while they are out in the field plowing. They can talk about it while they are sitting around the house. Nobody can dispute what they say. Nobody knows whether they are telling the truth or not. But because it is so vague it often forms a concrete link with twenty-five-cent cotton, especially when cotton is running around eight cents.

They talk about "hard times" most of all. They don't talk about the men who also plan to raise cotton in Egypt and other parts of the world. They don't talk about the men who make their living by grinding up trees and making cloth out of the pulp. Not many of the tenants know about these activities; and most of those who do think such workers are too far away to influence their cotton crops.

I have said that some of these men who are plowing are hungry. Some of them depend on charity. That is another reason why they are plowing so earnestly. Not many of them like to accept charity. But they have women and children in their houses. Many have other dependents, too—men and women so old and feeble that they are not able to work, even if work should be supplied. But these people must eat. So the men go out in the fields and plow hard. They dream of making "white gold." They dream of selling their "white gold" at twenty or twenty-five cents a pound. Then they can buy plenty of food and clothes. Yes, but God only knows what's really going to happen.

JAMES EDWARD RICE.

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Washington Notes

Ditching the Governor—The Young Guard—Which Way Will Al Smith Jump? Republican Boomlets

RECENTLY we have been visited here by certain of the more potent and prominent New York advisers, counsellors and campaign contributors of the Democratic party. They came to confer with certain other Democrats of high party visibility concerning the quiet but extremely earnest and sincere movement in which they are mutually engaged, the ultimate purpose of which is to sidetrack Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and name Mr. Owen D. Young as the Democratic presidential candidate next year.

I gathered that all is not going well with the movement and the more skillful of its engineers are displaying a perturbation that was not at all apparent the last time I talked with them. They are not greatly troubled by the Roosevelt sentiment evinced by various Southern Drys and Western progressives, in and out of the Senate. Nor are they in the least dismayed by such little matters as the poll of the 1928 delegates and alternates taken by Mr. Jesse Straus of Macy's, which showed a large preponderance of votes in favor of Roosevelt. Both these things are entirely normal and according to calculation. What worries the Young advocates is an entirely different proposition—to wit, how can they enlist the active support of ex-Governor Smith for their candidate?

Smith's position and strength is such that it is not far from the truth to say that no nomination can be made by the Democrats without him. It certainly is impossible to nominate Mr. Young without Al's active coöperation. That, I think, will be conceded, and it is almost as true that Roosevelt cannot get the nomination should Smith oppose him.

This being the situation—and there is no denial of it among those who know the facts—the problem facing the Young backers is to find some way to induce Smith to use his power to block Roosevelt and nominate Young. Heretofore, they have assumed that this would be easy enough to do, and there has been quite a lot of talk, some of which has found its way into the papers, about the alleged lack of cordiality now existing between Smith and the Governor. The hostility of the redoubtable Raskob-Shouse outfit has been taken as reflecting Al's attitude and his own refusal to say that he favored Roosevelt's selection has been dwelt upon as highly significant. Also, there is the known fact that Smith is fond of Young and is close to the more important figures behind him.

It has been the general idea that it would be simple enough to let Roosevelt get out in front for some twenty or more ballots when the convention assembles, but easy enough to demonstrate after he had received that many—or a few more—that he cannot get a majority. As soon as this shall have been sufficiently demonstrated, with Al's coöperation, Young's name can be sprung and all the "kept" delegations, stalling along with their "favorite sons," can be swung into line.

The plan is reasonable enough, but to be successful, as I have hinted, Mr. Smith must be part and parcel of the Young movement and entirely at odds with Mr. Roosevelt. Now the interesting thing that worries the Young engineers is that, even conceding Al's willingness to coöperate in the high purpose of making Mr. Young the presidential nominee, they cannot at this time see exactly how it can be done. On the contrary, there are some who hold the view that, regardless of his personal feelings, Mr. Smith must support Governor Roosevelt from the start, must support his nomination and stay with him to the finish. They believe there is no way for him to avoid doing this and that he will not attempt to avoid it. Frankly, I think this is assuming a great deal so far in advance. Nevertheless, I can see the force of the argument and I must admit that if it has any foundation in fact, Roosevelt's nomination seems assured and the Young movement ditched.

In effect, what they say is that Al and the Governor have been too long and too publicly devoted to make a break possible between them except on a matter of principle. For Al to ally himself with the Young crowd for the purpose of frustrating the ambition of the man who in 1928 ran for Governor at Smith's request to help his candidacy in New York, and who nominated Smith for the presidency in three Democratic conventions—to oppose this man except on some striking difference of opinion concerning a vital issue or principle, would simply be the sort of thing Smith can't do. For one thing it would be wholly out of character and for another it would seem so small and ungrateful that it might easily create a sympathy for Roosevelt which would more than offset the disadvantages of Smith's defection. Governor Roosevelt would have to be a much poorer politician than he is not to sense this situation. And he would have to be foolish indeed to give Smith any cause for a break with him either over an issue, a principle or a policy.

Realization that the "Boy Scout," as some of the mightier of the contributors still persist in calling the Governor, is keen enough to grasp their game and not play it for them, is the immediate cause of the before-mentioned perturbation in the Young camp. Furthermore, while it is usually absurd to make predictions a year ahead of a Democratic convention, it seems to me that unless Roosevelt destroys himself by a false step or a weak attitude in this Tammany business, the odds are better than even that he will get the nomination, despite the favorite-son "set-ups" and the deep machinations of the profound political thinkers recently in our midst. Public sentiment, political logic and the "breaks" seem to me to be with him.

There is little to report these days on the Republican side. While the "Chief" was away there were various journalistic efforts to build a fire under the pious Senator Fess, chairman of the National Committee. Journalistic vice-presidential booms for Secretary of War Hurley and Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of Porto Rica, were also launched. The net result of this was excessively to annoy both Senator Fess and the Vice President. So far as the chairmanship is concerned, there is a very real desire to get rid of the unctuous Simeon, but nothing will be done about it, I am informed, until next fall. By that time Walter Brown, our genial and practical Postmaster General, either will have found another man for the position or will have de-

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cided—a much more sensible thing to do—to take it himself.

As for the vice-presidential booms, there wasn't the slightest foundation in fact in either case. The Hurley idea was hatched out on board the "Arizona" by the distinguished representatives of the press who accompanied the President on his vacation. The Theodore Roosevelt idea was hatched out by the left-at-home representatives of the press coöperating with certain progressive leaders whose daily press conferences in the Senate office building offer the most popular form of journalistic entertainment in Washington when Congress is not in session. At these conferences there is a spirited contest between the "boys of the press" and the Senators as to which can say the most scathing things about the "Chief" and the "Chief's" administration. Sometimes one side wins, sometimes the other, and there are always screams of laughter from both. It was at one of these conferences that the Young Teddy boom was launched. The main idea, I am told, was to bother Charlie Curtis, and if that is so it certainly succeeded 100 percent. Mr. Hurley's response to the suggestion was to declare himself for Charlie. Young Ted is too far away to know about his boom as yet, but I don't think he would follow in Mr. Hurley's footsteps.

T. R. B.

A Half-Baked Shaw Production

"GETTING MARRIED," which has just been done by The Theatre Guild, is not one of the easiest of Shaw's plays to put over. It consists entirely of a long, complicated and continuous conversation, and it suffers from having no central action. It is also true that Shaw's 1908 heresies on marriage sound extremely old-fashioned today. None the less, "Getting Married" has certain special beauties and can be made a very attractive play: William Faversham, Charles Cherry and Grace George did it admirably in 1916.

Bernard Shaw has always insisted that he learned his art, not from the English poets, but from Beethoven and Mozart; and this is very evident in "Getting Married," as it is in the first act of "The Apple Cart." Shaw manipulates ideas as the composer does musical themes: he develops them by juggling them around from one character to another, as if they were the instruments of the orchestra. If you cannot conceive points of view in politics or marriage being used as materials for symphonic development, you think it is all more or less tiring talk. If, on the other hand, you are sympathetic with Shaw's rather Platonic type of mind—I mean the type of mind the subjects of whose art are themselves intellectual—you recognize him even in these less lively plays as the great artist he is, with all the "combination of inevitableness and surprise" which is characteristic of the great composers.

In "Getting Married" he uses a full orchestra, as he does in "The Apple Cart," and the elaborate composition needs a little handling. This the Guild completely fails to give it. The scene of the drawing-up of the marriage contract with its eight or ten characters on the stage and all taking part in the conversation is made to look even more like a minstrel show than the similar scene in the first act of "The Apple Cart." Furthermore, the cast is badly chosen, with the exception of Henry Travers and Ralph Roeder; and the set is one of the worst ever designed by a gifted designer. The whole thing suggests an amateur college production. "Getting Married" really requires a certain smartness to make it acceptable on the stage, but the actors wear their pearl-gray Ascot ties so that they look like nothing so much as mufflers, and the sophisticated ironic bishop who ought to dominate the action is played in such a way as to recall Richard Carle in that sketch in "The New Yorkers" where Jimmy Durante has been shot in the rear.

What is more serious is that Helen Westley is miscast as Mrs. George. Mrs. George, the green-grocer's wife with It, is the character in the play who represents passion, the Life-Force. She is supposed to be vibrant, high-strung, a little hysterical, and the scene of her vaticination in a trance is one of the most eloquent and moving things in Shaw. Helen Westley is able to bring to the part some excellent qualities which at least make her stand out from the rest of the cast. She has energy and force, commanding emphasis; and she knows how to read the prose of Shaw's long speeches. But she misses the romance of Mrs. George, and it is upon this element that "Getting Married" really depends to lift it out of the atmosphere of all too rational argument into the atmosphere of dramatic poetry.

E. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

Capitalism or Socialism?

SIR: So the time has come, as Mr. Edmund Wilson says, "for liberals seriously to reconsider their position." And for the rest of us—seriously or flippantly—to reconsider the liberals. But stop. These liberals, who only yesterday called themselves progressives, now ask us to think of them as socialists. Which leads us—since socialism is nothing if not international—to consider certain foreign groups which have devoted years to the cause that Mr. Wilson now espouses. During the English general strike of 1926, MacDonald, Snowden and A. J. Cook, who has called himself a "humble disciple of Lenin," had it in their power to effect in their own country the revolution which their own prophet, Karl Marx, declared would first break out there. In Germany, Socialist leaders like Scheidemann actively fought revolution in 1918. In France, the Socialists are again coöperating with the bourgeois Radicals.

The fact is that, as a Socialist party grows and develops in any modern State it becomes, not a party of revolution or even of social change, but merely an agency for ameliorating the condition of the working class—and often, as in the case of Austria, a highly effective agency. It is only the irreconcilables, the Lenins and Gandhis—the one supported by a highly organized minority, the other by the dumb masses—who are able in backward countries to refuse to traffic with whatever powers there be and who are thus able to hasten drastic but inevitable changes.

All of which may seem like a very red herring indeed. But hold on. I wish to show first of all that Mr. Wilson is really suggesting that American progressives should follow the same line of progressive-liberal-socialist development that their prototypes abroad have pursued. I do not mean to suggest that a frankly revolutionary policy is desirable or even possible. And neither does Mr. Wilson, if we are to judge from these significant sentences, the italics being my own: "It *may* be impossible for capitalism to guarantee not merely social justice, but law and order . . . Capitalist minded as the Americans have become, they *seem* to feel they are in a *cul de sac* . . . It *may* be true that with the present breakdown we have come to the end of *something*."

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But let me quote what Colin Ross, English by birth, German by adoption, has recently written after a ten-year trip to every country in the world: "The world crisis is here . . . . I am convinced that it is really a world crisis, not a stock-market depression and not one of those regular dips in the business cycle. Rather is it a convulsion of all the spiritual, intellectual foundations that underlie our culture; indeed the crisis even represents a gradual crumbling of these foundations themselves." This statement did not appear in the radical press but in The Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, a mildly liberal newspaper controlled by Jewish capital. And Hans Zehrer, leading political writer for the same paper, has lately asked this question, "Is the world at large growing more aware that we are not passing through one of those market crises that occur every seven or ten years, but that our whole system is facing a crisis?" To which Mr. Wilson thunders this reply: "As I say, it *may* be true that with the present breakdown we have come to the end of something." Italics again mine.

One real point Mr. Wilson does make: "We liberals and progressives have been betting on capitalism,"—and as an alternative he suggests "a genuine opposition" which will openly confess that "the Declaration of Independence and Constitution are due to be supplanted by some new manifesto and some new bill of rights. Which, however, must also confute the Marxian cynicism, the catastrophic outcome of whose economic laws is predicated, after all, only on an assumption of the incurable swinishness of human nature." For Mr. Wilson believes that "there is still some virtue in American democracy."

But if we are indeed facing a world crisis of capitalism, there are only two sides to take—for or against. This issue Mr. Wilson raises, but does not face. He reprimands the liberals for not taking Marx seriously and then, adopting many Marxian arguments, suddenly turns in his tracks, yaps about cynicism and swinishness and warns us of a catastrophe that will chiefly prove a catastrophe to the class to which Mr. Wilson himself belongs. Instead of turning and rending his own class he turns and rends Marx. His faith in American democracy survives.

If the year 1931 has caused us to occupy a position unique in human history, it is that we have such command over the instruments of production that we should now begin repairing our instruments of distribution. To call ourselves socialists is surely not enough, if experience teaches anything at all. American democracy—with the accent on American—has been given an even more substantial test, yet Mr. Wilson suggests that it is somehow possible to create a merger between democracy, America and socialism, retaining, of course, the best features of all. It does not occur to him that the single choice, for or against capitalism, must first be made and that making this choice involves suicide of that part of himself which he values least.

New York City. QUINCEY HOWE.

No Secession!

SIR: Your issue of February 18 contains a review by Mr. Allen Tate of my recent volume, "The Age of Hate, Andrew Johnson and the Radicals." Mr. Tate referred approvingly to the dramatic qualities of "The Age of Hate," and to its "fine sense of artistic form," terming it "one of the great narratives of our historical literature." For this, I am, of course, duly grateful. He sees fit to criticize my style and viewpoint, as, of course, is well within his rights.

There are, however, three statements in the review which are extraordinary. When Mr. Tate asserts that I am "one of those Southerners who are eager to prove that the South never went out of the Union at all," I assume that his grievance is that I did not adopt as true the theory of Thad Stevens that Secession was an accomplished act both in law and in fact. Personally, I prefer Chief Justice Chase's phrase, in his famous opinion in Texas vs. White, that ours is "an indissoluble Union of indestructible states." None the less, it was not my own view of the legal competence of Secession, but that of Andrew Johnson, which it was my endeavor—and my duty—to portray. Had Johnson not held this view, he could not have been so staunch a Union man.

Mr. Tate accuses me of "an inexplicable lapse of taste" in referring to politicians from without the South as though they belonged to my "own 'people.'" Frankly, I am at a loss to understand his complaint. Surely he would not have Southerners of the present day regard Americans born above the Mason and Dixon line as foreigners and aliens. This would be about as parochial and unintelligent an attitude as could be taken by any modern American. There is great cause and reason for a Southerner to be proud of the South, its achievements and its traditions, but surely pride in the South does not necessitate a counterbalancing hatred and contempt for all the rest of the world.

The plain inference is that my purpose in writing this account of Andrew Johnson was to repudiate Secession. I believe that Secession was a great and an avoidable mistake. It is of no consequence to me whether the North believes this or not, or whether Mr. Tate thus believes. But having this view of the matter, no honest student of history would be justified in asserting that Secession was desirable, merely because a poet living in a world of illusion has escaped the light.

Mr. Tate says further: "Mr. Milton should be notified that Southerners no longer have to repudiate Secession in order to be esteemed when they go North." The implications of this "notice" are of such a nature that I cannot permit them to go uncorrected.

Chattanooga, Tenn. GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Tomorrow Never Comes

SIR: Your symposium on the future of liberalism interests me. We have here a number of able generals without any troops to speak of. In fact, one of the questions they are asking is: Where are the troops? . . .

While it is possible to rally a few freebooters for a skirmish or a battle, there is only one body of trained troops available for a long campaign, and that is the Christian churches. Just now they are busy mopping up the whiskey entrenchments. . . . If you will take the trouble to read the pronouncements of the churches, you will see that they are ready for a steady advance toward the social evolution of the country. But to join an organization with distillers and brewers in high commands, saloonkeepers for noncoms and boozers for file-leaders, wouldn't appeal to them. Such an army can never capture those heights. One thing at a time. Help us eliminate the saloon, and we'll be with you to the finish in this next conflict.

Walworth, N. Y. D. O. CHAMBERLAYNE.

[Mr. Chamberlayne's letter unfortunately suggests the sign that used to hang in corner saloons—"Free Beer Tomorrow."—THE EDITORS.]

Indeterminism and the Electron

SIR: Mr. W. B. Curry has been so kind to my "Adventure of Science" in his review in The New Republic of February 11 that I hesitate to reply to his criticism of my interpretation of the principle of indeterminacy. However, I think the point raised is of such intrinsic importance as to warrant its discussion on its own merits before New Republic readers.

Mr. Curry's criticism bears specifically on my method of stepping out of the paradoxes attaching to the indeterminism of the electron, paradoxes on which Eddington has constructed his apology for traditional religion. What I said was that the indeterminism of the electron is similar to the situation in any statistical problem, where the indeterminism affecting an individual is given correlatively with the determinate behavior of the group, and where it is thus absurd to start with the absolute indeterminism of the individual and then wonder how there can be any determinateness of the group with all the constituent individuals undetermined and behaving according to chance.

Mr. Curry replies in effect that this way of dismissing the problem, which amounts to regarding the chance and indeterminism of the electron as a technical concept, might be valid if the situation in the quantum theory were analogous to the situation in the kinetic theory of gases. In the latter case, in their ignorance of the causal behavior of the individual gas molecules, scientists have

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been able to frame a statistical formulation in which the individual molecules are treated technically, that is to say, from the point of view of the problem, as behaving by chance. But in the case of the quantum theory it has been definitely shown that the principle of causality does not apply to the individual electrons. Hence, according to Mr. Curry, I am guilty of confusing two situations, one in which a statistical method is used heuristically and technically and the other in which there is a genuine indeterminism of individuals and in which a statistical method is used after that fact rather than before it.

Mr. Curry's argument, shared by many scientists, naïvely assumes that nature herself has assigned this exceptional place to quantum phenomena among all cases where the scientist uses the statistical method. Actually it is not nature which is responsible, but the psychological ideas of the scientists, particularly the belief they have entertained about causality. Despite the objections of philosophers from the time of Hume and Kant, scientists have assumed that causality is not an artificial scientific scheme (and as such necessarily limited in scope), but that it represents the universal and ultimate pattern of the universe. When they came to such a problem as the kinetic theory of gases, they kept their belief in a causal picture of molecular behavior even while they were unable to chart such a causal picture and had to resort to statistical methods. Now, when they are finally driven into a corner and forced to admit that they cannot apply causality to the electron but must use statistical methods, they proceed to interpret their statistical formulation with the same realism which they formerly attributed to causality.

The truth is, however, that it was a Pickwickian gesture for scientists to make a mental reservation of causal behavior for kinetic-gas molecules, in the absence of any ability to chart that behavior, just as it is today a work of supererogation to speak of a real or absolute indeterminism affecting the electron when all that is given is indeterminism within a statistically formulated context. There is no reason to give a realistic interpretation either to the scheme of causality or to statistical method. Both must be regarded as scientific methods for obtaining knowledge about reality, and not as principles of nature. It is true that in order to be valid as scientific methods they must at the same time reflect some aspect of the ultimate interconnection of reality. None the less, we cannot identify either method with this ultimate interconnection, because reality in this ultimate sense is not known to us except as a hidden spring which forces us continually to revise our scientific theories and principles without ever showing us its own face.

Long Island City, N. Y. BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Dr. Dewey's Astuteness

SIR: A few days ago Senator George W. Norris was invited to become the leader of a third party. This invitation was extended by John Dewey, the organizer. Mr. Dewey is to be commended for his cleverness in choosing Senator Norris. By this act he advanced the interests of his party considerably. The chances of the third party's success have risen greatly. Why? Because this act developed a sympathetic attitude in the minds of the people who are the most likely to support a third party. The Mid-Western farmer is a very discouraged person. His crops do not bring a fair price. His taxes are extremely high. His hours are long and his work is hard. He has demanded relief, and the two great political parties have not given it to him. . . .

Dewey saw in the dissatisfied farmers potential third-party supporters. . . . All that Dewey needed to do was to try to get a man whom they respected to lead the third party.

Senator George W. Norris is admired and respected by every Westerner. Dewey figured that if he could win Senator Norris over, the thirty-party movement would have a large following. Norris, however, declined the honor, but Dewey won the sympathetic attention of the Western farmers. . . . Norris or no Norris, John Dewey's movement is being watched closely by the Westerners. Norris, willingly or unwillingly, has lent his name and influence to the third-party cause. John Dewey bears watching. He is a clever politician as well as a great philosopher.

Lincoln, Neb. GEORGE W. COLEMAN.

The General's Experiences Conflict

SIR: While reading an instalment of General Pershing's "Experiences" in The New York Times of January 26, I was particularly struck by what seemed to me an amusing contradiction. In writing about the trials and tribulations of the United States Signal Corps in France, he says:

> The lines throughout France were so inefficient and unreliable, as government-owned utilities usually are, that to provide unfailing connection it was necessary for us to put in much new construction along our channels of supply, from base ports to headquarters. . . . No civil telephone service that ever came under my observation excelled the perfection of our system after it was well established.

Apparently, then, government-owned utilities *can* be operated efficiently.

Cambridge, Mass. F. P. SMITH.

The Proposed Amendment Against War

SIR: Among your readers many sincere opponents of war and preparation for war should be interested in a recent publication of the Women's Peace Union, a memorandum by Elinor Byrns, in favor of the constitutional amendment making war legally impossible for the United States. This proposed amendment is now known in the United States Senate as Senate Joint Resolution 45.

With precision of thought and admirable brevity . . . the memorandum drives home its arguments, substantiated by citations of legal decisions and quotations from the opinions of most highly qualified publicists. Only in its closing paragraphs does the brief become a polemic against war.

It is the intention of the framers of the amendment "to make war and other undertakings involving the destruction of life legally impossible, wherever the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land and for all those persons subject to the jurisdiction of the United States."

It is necessary to amend the Constitution to accomplish this intent because: "The Constitution of the United States now sanctions and provides for war . . ." and "the war powers granted by the Constitution must remain in the government until the Constitution is amended." To remedy this situation the citizens of the United States must use the power to amend and the method of amendment provided for them in Article V of the Constitution.

It is now true that under the war powers given our government by the Constitution until the Constitution is amended (1) any treaty, bilateral or multilateral, renouncing war can be abrogated by a subsequent act of Congress in conflict with the treaty. (2) Even though the United States should become a member state in an international organization, the government of the United States could still exercise its constitutional war powers, thereby nullifying any action by such an international organization to maintain peace. (3) If the United States should adhere to a world court, no decision of its judges could change in any way the power of the United States government to wage war under the Constitution. (4) If a bill were passed by Congress giving the people of the United States the right to vote in a referendum to decide whether our government should declare war, the people might vote not to go to war, but the President and Congress would still have constitutional power to declare the country at war and to conscript its citizens. (5) Congress can always provide unlimited funds for war so long as the Constitution still gives Congress that power. Failure to appropriate a war budget at one session of Congress can always be changed at a subsequent session.

These categorical statements can be made here because of the ample authority given in the memorandum. Its clear analysis of the legal necessity for the proposed amendment and its convincing justification of the amendment make the memorandum an original contribution to the literature of the organized peace movement. It can be secured from the Women's Peace Union, 39 Pearl Street, New York City.

New York City. GERTRUDE FRANCHOT TONE.

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Spring Book Section

Virginia Woolf and the Modern Novel

The Novels of Virginia Woolf, popular edition: The Voyage Out, Night and Day, Jacob's Room, Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.35 each.

THE DILEMMA of the novel as an artistic medium has been most lucidly resumed by that young Parisian philosopher and erstwhile chieftain of the Superrealists, M. André Breton: *"The Marquise went out at five o'clock*—there," he says, in effect, "is the formula with which all your novels begin." They end of course, with her coming back, more or less, somewhere, at some time, and in some state or other. In the interim (which must be about an inch and a quarter in thickness of paper), she has had presumably interesting encounters or interviews: she has fallen in love, or she has been seduced, or broken an ankle, or lost money at the races, or endured a thousand and one other plausible experiences, so long as all these phenomena offer a *story*. Now, though the medium of prose fiction, newest of all literary media, has had great popular fortune in the four hundred years since Bocaccio's *novella,* and especially in the last two centuries, it has shown every sign, during our own generation, of approaching an esthetic saturation point. Even the correspondence schools teach us that the quantity of situations, "triangles," intrigues, is limited; and if the partially critical reader seems sometimes surfeited with recent examples of prose fiction, then the talented or ambitious writer, who is a prospective novelist, is even earlier surfeited, and must start from the problem: how to write a novel *without telling a story*.

The muscular French and Russian realists of the nineteenth century had their own solution, to be sure: by telling a story-with-a-moral; that is, by being interesting and rather positive social philosophers. Their procedure was quite definitely taken over by men of letters such as H. G. Wells (in his earlier phase) and John Galsworthy, who did what they could, tolerably well and without novelty. But at some point in the twentieth century, immediately before or during the World War, the widespread moral certainties which had buoyed up the prolific realists were generally lost. It is at this point that innovators such as Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein and the unjustly forgotten Dorothy Richardson—I leave aside the question of priority—may be said to enter the literary scene and confront the dilemma earlier announced.

Since the novels of Mrs. Woolf, long conceded to be infinitely talented, sensitive and of a brilliant technique, are now accorded a permanent place in modern literature, and given, despite their artistic heresies, the honors of a collected popular edition—it is almost like becoming a member of the Academy—one is prompted to review her career a little and to trace her interesting mutations and her progression, during some fifteen years in which she has wrestled with the problems of her craft.

She was virtually born to letters, her father having been Sir Leslie Stephen—O grave and dull Victorian, may he rest in peace!—and her grandfather, the perennial, the irrepressible Thackeray himself. There was "atmosphere" in her house, as in that cultured house which Henry James evokes for us in "The Spoils of Poynton"; moreover, she and her sister had as their friends certain bright young men, Mr. Clive Bell (who married the sister), Mr. G. Lytton Strachey, Mr. John Maynard Keynes, and ultimately Mr. Leonard Woolf (who married her). I mention these names, now so resonant, of the members of the "Bloomsbury Group," to indicate the surrounding conditions of intelligence, consciousness and critical alertness under which Virginia Woolf made her first essays. Nor must we forget that in the London of those days there was the presence of the aged Henry James, a great and mystifying teacher of the craft of fiction, who had been discouraged by our fathers from clinging to these shores.

The first novel, "The Voyage Out" (1915), was "promising," one is forced to say. It was gracefully written, successfully conceived, and announced a finely imaginative writer who built character and situations out of "suggestion," rather than by the way of massive realism, a writer in the tradition of Turgeniev, let us say, or of Henry James in his "Daisy Miller." It distinguished itself from other works by its capable, significant development of atmosphere, South American and exotic at that; but in this department it fails to surpass its good models, or even Mr. E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India," with which it obviously invites comparison. A first novel that was not easily forgotten, on the whole; one that very few of us would have been ashamed to write. It is, perhaps, most perplexing and disappointing that "Night and Day," the long novel that followed two or three years later, was in almost every sense a failure; and I can scarcely believe that it really follows Virginia Woolf's first, interesting venture. It is as if she had been advised to abandon her arts of "suggestion" and to attempt a conventional novel in the grand old style, dealing with the *fiançailles* of three or four marriageable and rather pedantically literary persons, whose troubles, resistances and solutions make up such a mild Victorian comedy of manners and of petty social differences as the British novelists had been writing for better or worse and for a century or more.

For such an academic labor, this hypersensitive woman, who could write passages of the purest English style, simply did not have "her heart in it." In these pages, everything went rigid, trivial or flat. I remember, then, the delightful surprise with which I read, toward 1921, one of her short tales or sketches, entitled "In a Garden," of a somewhat later period, and included in the collection called "Monday or Tuesday." These smaller pieces, in her ripened manner, were written, like "Jacob's Room" (1922), in the years that followed the War.

II

Like nearly all intelligent Europeans, Virginia Woolf had undergone a great personal revolution during the war years. The upheavals and the new social alignments, the emergence of new philosophies and new or old despairs, all took a direct effect. There were also the frightfully immediate emotional aspects: for it is my impression that Mrs. Woolf's son died in the War. . . .

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All sorts of things were in the air, which was charged with so much hope, dread and anguish, as we remember. There were Bolshevism and Americanism, Futurism and Dadaism; there was an excitement for change and experiment, while Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. Wyndham Lewis exploded or "blasted" with innovations borrowed from the young French artists. One was oppressed, now by the sense of a cruel insecurity, of the end of a world, now by the sure need of returning to a few cherished objects or principles, above all, to the sense of beauty. Virginia Woolf, too, renewed or found herself; she became in her prose what we had best call, for the sake of definiteness, an "impressionist."

I am sure that just as music deeply influenced the Symbolist literature of the 1870-1890 era in Europe, so the painters of the post-Cézanne school made their great mark upon the writers who rose out of the War. The picture of life that formed itself in Mrs. Woolf's mind was now of something breathless, fleeting, wonderfully deceiving; something of infinitely changing or dissolving substance and tint; something impossible to organize or penetrate, except subjectively, through the inevitable limits of the human temperament. Inconceivable now to write novels-with-plots, by the Victorian formula. Where she had once been a gently ironic commentator on life, manners, character, she now became a supremely sensitive and passive mechanism, a sensorium receiving reality avidly, and emitting it in "blobs of color," as Mr. E. M. Forster terms it, in "gasps and drones," in streams of similes, unfinished sentences, hectic catalogues, unanchored proper names. The extension of her technique, the new kind of awareness she shows, may be indicated best by the following passage from "Jacob's Room":

> . . . . To show how very little control of our possessions we have—what an accidental affair this living is after all our civilization—let me just count over a few of the things lost in one lifetime, beginning, for that seems always the most mysterious of all losses—what cat would gnaw, what rat would nibble—with three pale blue canisters of book-binding tools? Then there were the bird cages, the iron hoops, the steel skates, the Queen Anne coal scuttle, the bagatelle board, the hand organ—all gone, and jewels, too. Opals and emeralds, they lie about the roots of turnips. What a scraping, paring affair it is to be sure! The wonder is that I've any clothes on my back, that I sit surrounded by solid furniture at this moment. Why, if one wants to compare life to anything, one must liken it to be being blown through the Tube at fifty miles an hour—landing at the other end without a single hair pin in one's hair! Shot out at the feet of God entirely naked! Tumbling head over heels in the asphodel meadows like brown paper parcels pitched down a chute in the post office!

There is confusion here, as in the spectacle seen all about; and yet it is seen by an imagination in love with the concrete. When most felicitous, Mrs. Woolf is even robust, like Lady Wortley-Montagu or Fanny Burney; and at her best moments there are, in her extravagance of metaphor as in her dissociations, inescapable meanings and implications. After all that has passed, "life, London, this moment of June," is to be seized, to be lived raptuously, even; and if one is an artist, to be evoked in all its color, fullness, and especially its time-qualities of fluidity.

In "Jacob's Room" a "new type of fiction has swum into view"; but little clear understanding has spread of just what changes or advances this new prose fiction implies. We may say that the intention of the artist was to be neither "representative" nor historical, just as Cézanne, for example, in his paintings sought to evoke life while fleeing the photographic. Replacing our hypothetical "Marquise" who "went out at five o'clock," with the remembered youth and student Jacob, we may add significantly that he is dead before the book opens, and so can do nothing the "Marquise" might do. Again, it is interesting to ponder over the very title of the book: "Jacob's Room." We are in a room, filled with the presence of the dead youth, with the *things* of him. We never meet him or live with him, as in Dumas. He is known only through his effect upon the people and objects around him. He is recollected; and we know only that he lived here, that he loved, that he studied—there is great intellectual drama even in his reading of the "Phaedrus." It is all an exquisite dirge, filled with the most precise images, the freshest perceptions; and in the end Jacob has been blocked out or sculptured out of the airiest, the most intangible things: out of dreams, hints, half-remembrances, secret gestures, fragments of sentences, and out of prose rhythms. For the novelist, abandoning "plot," and employing the new poetics (which certain of her above-mentioned contemporaries also use), has sought to veave a series of impressions, "suggestions," moods and states of mind, indirectly induced in the reader, as by music, about a luminous center, an idea. In this case, the idea is the figure of Jacob within the restless flow of time.

III

If "Jacob's Room" seems, to a retrospective view, a veritable masterpiece, to be set up permanently beside certain larger and smaller ones of modern literature, then "Mrs. Dalloway" (1925), is an even more complete, brilliant, zestful affair. It is a moment in the life of all London, a day which the chimes of Big Ben punctuate, over which the Houses of Parliament loom, and whose restlessly flowing and ebbing colors, shapes, *disjecta,* are clustered about the person of Mrs. Dalloway. To respond to the spirited yet mysterious movements and changes of pace of this prose, we too must be imaginative and sensitive, so that the delicate symphony, the whole adroit, cinematic arrangement, possesses us completely. Mrs. Dalloway is, presumably, a superb example of English civilization and beauty; out of the vague movements of persons and events around her there comes the culmination of a certain melodrama and tragic bafflement, from which she returns swiftly, warily, almost like an acrobat, with a revived sense of life, of its beauty and also of its fatality and cruelty.

There is something evasive and almost too *raffinée* about this artist; we must agree with her, for instance, that "It's not catastrophes, murders, deaths, diseases, that age and kill us; it's the way people look and laugh, and run up the steps of omnibuses." For Virginia Woolf is tremendously feminine, aggressively feminine in her intelligence, her perceptions, her intuitions; her plea for the fullest enjoyment of the sense of life and the sense of beauty is an intensely feminine view. She would build up again the purely feminine intelligence, with its genius and its limitations, one feels in reading "A Room of One's Own"; and to understand her fully one must read that beautiful essay.

The limitations, that is, the evasiveness, overrefinement, oversuggestiveness, seem to come out rather more freely in "To the Lighthouse" (1927), which completes the triad of short novels in the impressionistic genre. (I use the

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term "impressionistic" here, not to denigrate, but in a rather free and general sense, since it calls to mind the tendency traditionally opposed to the literal and "representative" type of art; other terms applied to Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Virginia Woolf and writers of their school, such as "symbolist," are apt to be confusing; "modernist" is misleading and detestable.) Reading this novel, the portrait of a Mrs. Ramsay, it is as if I have seen Virginia Woolf's cultured English lady once too often, and have become callous toward her. Too much pregnant taciturnity; too many of those famous English silences. If one's interest declines perceptibly, so does the grasp of technique waver a little; emotion is quietly tortured away in a too tenuous prose, which is all in short breaths or gasps—largely, monotonously in iambs, to be perfectly candid. There is, in this book, at least one long, beautiful chapter of interlude, "Time Passes"—after the death of Mrs. Ramsay—which gives uncannily the sense of passing time and forms a kind of Einsteinian poem in itself. "To the Lighthouse" seems weaker in interest, the interruptions and dissociations less skillful, or artistically justified, yet it represents still a very high order of art.

Of "Orlando" (1930), not included as yet in the collected edition of Virginia Woolf, I have said nothing. Its scheme of fantasy and variation is plainly a departure in a new direction, successful enough in its way, yet giving no light on the questions of craftsmanship here studied. Sometimes the artist, by venturing into bypaths of his medium, may discover enough secrets of self-renewal for a fresh start; sometimes he may lose himself. . .

Mr. Arnold Bennett has observed of Mrs. Woolf's novels that not only is their moral basis undiscernible, but that they "seriously lack vitality." And it seems true, after all, that much of the "new type of fiction" written during the 1920's has sacrificed some important principle of energy, in its pursuit of the suggestive, the pervasive, and of pure form. Joyce, to be sure, had this principle of energy in "Ulysses"; but one hopes that some new and different personality will arise, who knows as well how to use the full orchestra, while leaving behind the terrible, end-of-the-century moods which Joyce crystallized. Mrs. Woolf's particular contribution lies in her remarkable extension of the zone of sensibility; at her best, she has the most penetrating, the most candid vision, yet she has kept her sense of beauty—a sense which too many of our facile young exploiters, here, of Middle Western corn fields and farm kitchens have either lost or never acquired. With the sense of beauty, literature, even the modern novel, may survive.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Bud and Lamb

Spring is not soft, it is not gentle,
It is not a season of light song;
If you find this bud and this lamb gentle
You are blind, you are wrong.

They are lovely, to see them is to have new eyes—
But they are not gentle, they have broken away
By marvelous violence from the close womb;
They triumph, they are not softly gay.

Winter only is the season of gentleness
When the seed and the sheep
Nurture the tempest of another spring
In stillness and sleep.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

"Surpassing America"

The Challenge of Russia, by Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 278 pages. $2.50.

The Soviet Challenge to America, by George S. Counts. New York: The John Day Company. 372 pages. $4.

These Russians, by William C. White. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 376 pages. $3.

TEN YEARS ago, publishers and readers alike were so indifferent to Soviet Russia, or so actively hostile even to hearing about it, that it was hard for a manuscript to find a printer or a public. The enormous change which has taken place in the position of Russia in the world is nowhere better shown than in the present eagerness to learn what is going on in the vast territories of the U. S. S. R., and to hear report, surmise and speculation about its consequences for Russia and even more for the rest of the world. The first two books listed above add to the number of writings concerned with the Russian situation in its bearings on the rest of us: Mr. Eddy wishes to aid in the understanding of Russia as a challenge and as a menace; Mr. Counts is concerned especially with the challenge to the economic and cultural system of the United States.

The two books complement each other. That of Eddy is a summary of pretty much all sides of Russian life. That of Counts centers about one thing, the scope, development and prospects of planned and coördinated industry. What is incidental in one is prominent in the other. Communism is the basic theme of the first named, with its application through the fields of agriculture, industry and labor, political organization, education and culture, morals and marriage, law and justice, and religion. Mr. Counts begins with a brief account of the Communistic philosophy, party organization and educational system, and then devotes the major part of the book to a consideration of the State Planning Commission and its Five Year Plan of construction. While some of the same material is found in both books, it is presented in a different perspective, so that the reading of both is an aid to a binocular vision of the Soviet Republics. Eddy's book is more descriptive and covers a wider field; Counts's is the more analytic and concentrated.

One who wishes a bird's-eye view of present Russia, enlivened by particular episodes and made definite by judiciously chosen and wisely scattered statistics, will find an excellent introduction in Mr. Eddy's book. And, speaking of statistics, both authors make the point that while errors are inevitable, it is silly to suppose that they are cooked. The whole development of the Russian scheme depends so intimately upon the approximate accuracy of the figures given that the statistical bureaus of the various branches of Russian government and industry cannot afford to take chances with them. Moreover, the recent but already inveterate habit of dependence upon "science" has resulted in the gathering of rather too much bulk in the way of figures. But the various reports and estimates can be checked one by another, and they are all subject to the acute devotion of present Russia to "self-criticism."

I have already mentioned the various themes covered in Mr. Eddy's book, and must refer to the book itself for their adequate exposition. He emphasizes the many contradictions of the system as it now exists: the union of high humanitarian aims with ruthlessness of means employed in their realization; of the goal of complete emancipation of individuals with drastic suppression of individuals when they come into conflict with the "cause"; of doctrinaire

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rigidity with flexible opportunistic adaptation to changing conditions; of the abolition of individual competition with adoption of "socialized" competition, and of the theoretical condemnation of money with its free use in the way of prizes. Of course, the Bolsheviks explain all these contradictions on the basis of the "transitional" state of present economy. Mr. Eddy quotes from Lenin the saying, "the kernel of the situation is that one must find a means of directing the evolution of capitalism in the bed of state capitalism so as to ensure the transition of state capitalism into socialism." These words give the theoretical key to the quick changes of Bolshevist policy. There has never been on earth a government that was so much all things to all men, while keeping a single end in view.

On the positive side, the two things that impressed me most in Mr. Eddy's account are the agricultural revolution and the coöperative development. He says, "The present agrarian revolution may have a significance and magnitude second only to the great industrial revolution of the eighteenth century." The rural character of Russian life, and the obstinately individualistic bias of the Russian peasant, have united to make it necessary for a government which rests upon the industrialized proletariat to attempt the most thoroughgoing alteration known to history of the habits, the technique, the morale, the general culture, of workers of the land. The success or failure of the communistic attempt depends upon whether or not the agricultural revolution goes through. One cannot read the account in the third chapter, dealing with agriculture, without wondering how much of the plan could be utilized in American farming communities without a political and economic revolution. Perhaps the cultural as well as the economic future of the American farmer depends upon whether, by voluntary coöperation, he can do some of the things for himself which a dictatorship is doing for farmers in Russia. The account of the coöperatives reveals not only their rapid extension, but their internal democracy, subject, of course, to governmental control of prices and allocation of materials and machinery.

Mr. Eddy closes with an indictment of Communist policy on three counts: first, the dictatorship (in dealing with which he shows how it automatically extends itself through the details of life); second, the zeal for world revolution; and third, the bigotry of attitude toward religion. His general point of view is that of the liberal, reforming socialist. His general conclusion is that while the capitalist world moves gradually toward socialism, Russia should move toward Western democracy.

Mr. Counts's book is on the whole more sympathetic with the Russian point of view. His account, for example, of the indoctrination practised in Russia is the most powerful exposition of its grounds that I have seen anywhere. He does not fear the indefinite perpetuation of the dictatorship when conditions have changed, relying on the constant control exercised by minor groups and organizations upon Moscow. He gives a fuller account of the ways in which this pressure is exerted than I have seen elsewhere. But it is good Marxian doctrine that those who have power never surrender it save when compelled by violent revolution. The outstanding trait and merit of his book is its concentration on the theme of planning. Russia is a challenge to America, not because of this or that characteristic, but because we have no social machinery for controlling the technological machinery to which we have committed our fortunes, while Russia assumes that "social phenomena are capable of being controlled so that the development of human society can be made subject to the human will"—a striking commentary on the frequently expressed notion that Marxianism is fatalistic in its subjection of human ideas and effort to necessary economic laws of history.

The entire account of the Five Year Plan is made to center about this point; the result is a unity often missing in discussions of it. The books differs also from most other reports of the Five Year Plan in giving weight to its cultural and educational aspects. I know of nothing more exciting than Dr. Counts's report of the way in which schools and all agencies of education, theatre, cinema, clubs, trade-union activities, organizations of children and youth, etc., are made to contribute to the plan and its execution. I would call especial attention to the statement of the definite responsibilities assumed by the Pioneers, as an illustration of the effective thoroughness with which all forces are made to contribute. And it is only one example among very many cases related by Dr. Counts.

The temper of the book may perhaps be conveyed by the following quotation:

> Industrial society in its present form is a monster possessing neither soul nor inner significance. It has succeeded in destroying the simpler cultures of the past, but has failed to produce a culture of its own worthy of the name. . . . Whether this state of moral chaos is the temporary maladjustment of a transition epoch or the inevitable product of a society organized for private gain is one of the most crucial questions of our time.

Whether one agrees (as does the present writer) or disagrees, Mr. Counts's book is an unsurpassed statement of the whole, and not merely of the economic, challenge of Russia to America. It will be a long, long time, I think, before it is a serious industrial challenge. In some respects, it is already a searching spiritual challenge, as it is an economic challenge to coördinate and to plan.

Mr. White's book differs from both of the others. We find in it a vivid picture of the impact of the Communist theory and practice upon the lives of individuals. It deals, as he says in his preface, not with Russia as an entity, but with individuals. Conversations with housewife, professor, student, merchant, engineer, worker, priest, typist, tutor, soldier, village doctor, shoemaker, miller, etc., are related in ways which give, as far as they go, a cross section of Russian life as it is affected by the working out of the Communist way of life. There is obvious room for selection; only one thoroughly familiar with Russian conditions can decide how fair Mr. White's selection is. But it is only just to say that all the reports have an authentic ring. They include all shades, the disaffected and "deprived," the would-be neutral, the one who vacillates, the sympathizer who is not a party member, the party member. Only the farmer is lacking—perhaps because there are so many of him. Incidentally, the stories are charged with Russian humor, especially of the grim, ironic type.

Upon the whole, it is interesting to see how the personal reports dovetail with the general statements. For example, the general expositions emphasize the great subordination of "light" industry to "heavy," that is, of articles of consumption to equipment designed to speed up production: the development of mines, electrification, oil, new machinery, plants, motor cars and tractors. The stories show how this subordination affects the people; it makes vivid the great sacrifices entailed in industrializing Russia. Naturally the personal reaction varies with the status of the individual. The sacrifice entailed makes clearer the account given by Mr. Counts of the multiple and intense campaign

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of the rulers to keep up the morale of the people. If the first two books complement each other, that of Mr. White supplements them both. I think Mr. White would be among the first, however, to admit that the universal habit of grumbling is especially chronic among Russians, and that this fact must be borne in mind in assessing the final worth of the individual stories.

JOHN DEWEY.

Lincoln Steffens, Realist

The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 2 vols. 884 pages. $7.50.

LINCOLN STEFFENS' "Autobiography" is both fascinating and important. It is the story of a life, boyhood and manhood, in the United States from California to New York; and it is a record and interpretation of the social and political movements of the period from 1890 to 1930, forty years in which the destiny of the nation was hanging ever more doubtfully in the balance. Steffens was exceptionally well placed to see what was going on in these years, and to know what was behind the spectacle. He was a journalist whose authority and good faith made everyone eager to talk to him; and he was a personal friend of men and women who represented every phase of political thought, from capitalistic dictatorship to revolutionary anarchism. He had the freedom of the White House during two double administrations. His autobiography has, therefore, a value similar to that of the diary of Wilfrid Blunt, and an appeal as eloquent to those who are trying, disinterestedly and with clearness of vision, to see what is wrong with the world before trying to mend it.

The first thing to remark in these volumes is the extraordinary range of experience which they embody. A boyhood in Sacramento, California, with horses to ride and cattle to punch, during which the lad was jockey, cowboy and artist; a military school from which he was expelled for drunkenness; preparation for college with an Oxford tutor who started his intellectual life; college; the study of philosophy at Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, with Wundt and Kuno Fischer; Paris and London; police reporter in New York beside Jacob Riis; city editor of The Commercial Advertiser, with Norman and Hutchins Hapgood, Abraham Cahan and Carl Hovey on the staff; the head of the muckraking squad on McClure's Magazine, exposing the shame of cities; one of the soviet editorial board of The American Magazine, with Ida Tarbell, Peter Dunne and Ray Stannard Baker; a messiah at large, trying to save Boston with E. A. Filene and Martin Lomasney, and Los Angeles with Harrison Grey Otis, Clarence Darrow and the McNamaras; intermediary between Wilson and Carranza; advance agent to the American people of a Wilsonian peace; messenger between the Russian revolutionists and the Allies; observer of the world for a decade after the War—no one has mingled in so many matters or consorted with so many people, both of importance.

There is a further increment of experience to which Steffens' story bears witness. As a boy he had the not unusual habit of fancying himself "as all sorts of persons, a cowboy, a trapper, a knight, a crusader." Later, in his studies, he "lived over the lives of the Greek heroes and Roman generals and all the poets of all the ages." Still later he "became as fascinated with the Ghetto as Eastern boys were with the Wild West." "Almost a Jew," he nailed a *mazuza* on his office door, and on Yom Kippur "spent the whole twenty-four hours fasting and going from one synagogue to another." And what he observed of himself he divined of others. "Every fellow I get to really know," he told a companion, "is playing he is really something else besides what his job is." Like Stevenson he saw men nourished by dreams, "meat salesmen to the external eye and possibly to themselves . . . Shakespeares or Napoleons or Beethovens."

It is hard to say to what extent this power of entering into the experience of others, the cherished pleasure, or the fantastic ambition, or the secret sin, enabled Steffens to get into such relation with them that for him the interview became almost an instrument of precision in social research. His studies of American cities were a series of journalistic triumphs in the frank confessions of the bosses, Cox of Cincinnati, Durham of Philadelphia, Lomasney of Boston, and of reformers, Joseph Folk, Tom Johnson, Robert M. La Follette. Undoubtedly other elements contributed to his success as a questioner. For one thing he had naïveté. He realized that you cannot ask engagingly if you know the answer. But the chief cause of his success was his range of communication, the personal dialects which he spoke. A common ground of understanding was conviction of sin. It was a moment of illumination to Steffens when he realized that he himself could be bought. "I did go a bit slow—sometimes—in something I wrote," he confessed. "Why? To keep my job, to keep my credit, to hold my readers and 'get by' my editors." And as a result of this admission he tells us: "I was never again mistaken for an honest man by a crook. . . . The politicians . . . and the consciously corrupting business leaders have ever since acted with me upon the understanding that I was one of them. It facilitated my work; it explains much of my success in getting at the facts of a situation."

This conviction of sin was the root of the messianic complex which made Steffens essay the role of savior of society in Boston and Los Angeles, of protector of the revolution in Mexico and Russia. He read the New Testament and was surprised that church-going Christians did not recognize themselves as the Pharisees and Sadducees whom Jesus denounced. "For Jesus had discovered and declared the worthlessness of the good people. He said that he could not save the righteous, only sinners." And "Christianity, unpreached and untaught and unlearned among the righteous, works wonders still among sinners."

This distrust of a moralistic interpretation of society colored what will seem to most readers the most interesting chapters of Steffens' book, his relations with two Presidents, Roosevelt and Wilson. With Roosevelt he was in the fullest communication, for Roosevelt did his thinking while talking, and found him a stimulus, or a stimulant. With great liking for the man whom he knew first as Police Commissioner in New York, Steffens was steadily the candid friend. He saw in Roosevelt the common addiction of government, the necessity of continuing in power. His object was by dealing with the machine to obtain such control of it that it would nominate and elect him, or whom he chose. And his method was bribery with the people's money, by appointments to public office on salaries which the people paid. He was building up the system which he claimed to be fighting. He did not understand that the "good" trusts, like the "bad" trusts, were making the government the source and protector of privilege. The phrase, "a square deal," which Steffens used ironically to describe a bargain between special interests, Roosevelt made his slogan for election. All this came out in the rough give and take between two sparring companions. Steffens' final comment is, "He never understood

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the political issue between the common and the special interests; neither as a police commissioner nor as a President did he grasp the difference between morality and representation."

With Wilson, Steffens had to learn a different dialect. He used it successfully in persuading the President to veto war against Carranza, but although he had Wilson's promise to see him again "in an emergency," the promise was void. When Steffens returned with Bullitt from the abortive mission to Russia, Wilson refused to see "the man who persuaded me about Mexico." For Wilson could not be wrong. "He had to be, so he was, right." That was to Steffens the tragedy of the Peace Conference, that faith was broken and wrong done in the name of righteousness and idealism. "It sometimes seemed to me in Paris," he writes, "that the most important step for us Americans to take next is to learn to do wrong knowingly." Wilson's assertion that the Peace realized his expectations, that it satisfied the fourteen points, marked the great refusal.

> If Wilson had said that he had failed and told why . . . his story would have gone down in history as a classic, as one of the most magnificent and significant failures in the story of man. And we need some great failures, especially in ever successful Americans—conscious, intelligent, illuminating failures. But no, Woodrow Wilson chose success, so he goes down in history as just one more successful American, the founder of the League of Nations, the beginner of world government!"

Lincoln Steffens has some failures of his own to chronicle. He failed to put over his five-year plan for Boston; he failed to make peace between capital and labor in Los Angeles, on the basis of the McNamara case—failed even to hold the judicial authorities to their agreement. He failed to gain a hearing for the views of Wilson and House in preparation for the Peace Conference; and indeed came nearer to lynching by the good people who found it impossible to think of the Germans as human beings, than ever he did at the hands of bosses or gunmen. He failed to persuade two necessary members of Harding's Cabinet to consent to the pardon of all wartime prisoners—the Great Engineer, for one, would not agree that "mercy is a scientific principle as Christianity is scientific." He failed to bring his countrymen to an understanding of the Russian Revolution, or to a realization of the silliness of saving their moral face by maintaining that their government was too good to speak to Moscow. Where Steffens succeeded was in seeing certain fundamental facts and clearing his soul of cant. It is the fact that in the United States business is more important than politics. Our livelihood and our lives are a secondary charge upon prosperity. It is more important that we should be making money, or at least getting jobs to provide us with food and shelter, than that we should have good government. In fact, good government is bad for business, and if we wrench representative control from special interests for a season, as in Cleveland under Tom Johnson, we are glad to sell it back to them. Good citizens are as ready to take advantage of the people through their government as gangsters, and to a far greater extent. In the midst of a fog of hypocrisy, which dims the sight and dulls the ear, Steffens came to feel, like Swift, that the first requisite was to see things as they are—and he resorted to some Swiftian devices, as when he made his modest proposal to President Eliot to give a short course "on the forms in which the first steps to bribery and corruption come to young men." When Eliot suggested, "You would teach those things to stop the doing of them?" Steffens answered, "Oh, no. I don't mean to keep the boys from succeeding in their professions. All I want to do is to make it impossible for them to be crooks and not know it. Intelligence is what I am aiming at, not honesty."

This lack of realism put the Americans and British at a disadvantage compared with the French at the Conference: "Wilson did not mean peace, not literally; nor do we Americans, nor do the British, mean peace. We do not want war; nobody in the world wants war; but some of us do want the things we can't have without war. That's what the French see. And they see that we wish, like them, for peace; we will work and we will pray for it, but we have not noted and we will not give up the things that cause wars."

Steffens failed to convince his countrymen, as he failed to convince his young colleagues at Paris, that either "we all should labor to change the foundation of society as the Russians were doing, or go along with the civilization we were part of, taking care only to save our minds by seeing it all straight and thinking about it clearly." He has passed out of the battle. His eyes are fixed on the younger generation. We of his own owe much to him, not the least this book in which he has so frankly related his experience of life, and recorded the wisdom he learned in it. His victory is in the future. To him is Arnold's salute:

> Let the victors when they come
> When the forts of folly fall
> Find thy body by the wall.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The End of the Crusades

The Flame of Islam, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 490 pages. $4.

MR. LAMB has more than once made a point of remarking that his last two books are "not history rewritten." They are pageants of conflict and splendor presented in the vivid pictorial fashion that his highly illuminated style leads the reader to expect from the outset; a vividness to which his lavish use of contemporary chronicles, reports of eye-witnesses, even the lays of Christian and Muslim minstrels, adds immeasurably. The present volume is a continuation of his narrative of a year ago, "The Crusaders: Iron Men and Saints," which was concerned chiefly with the last five years of the eleventh century—the events that led from Pope Urban's summons against "the infidel" to the fall of Jerusalem and the crowning of a crusader as its king. "The Flame of Islam" has called for a much broader canvas: it is the story of all the later crusades, from the time when Saladin captured Jerusalem, in 1187, through the complex migrations and onslaughts of more than a century, until the ultimate fall of the cross-bearers' last stronghold and the third invasion of the conquering Mongolian horde in the last year of the thirteenth century. As befits the theme, the point of view in this volume is—at first—that of the Muslim empire, which is to say of Saladin himself; but with the arrival, after four years, of Richard Coeur de Lion, the flame of Islam gives way to a sharper focus upon the flickering fires of the "crusading spirit," a focus which dominates much more than half the book, even to the final extinction of the crusaders' last lamp in Palestine.

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It is when "something titanic happens" (as he phrases it) that Mr. Lamb is most in his element. The fabulous years here passed in review are so fertile in such happenings that these narratives, rarely floundering in any drabness, or inactivity of episode, may well seem something like the Waverley Novels of our times—an age of which Mr. Lamb still more plausibly appears to be the Bulwer-Lytton. He has retained the ornament of historical fiction without claiming its license in dealing with historical fact; occasionally he employs the device of present-tense narration; and everywhere he pictures his characters with such evocative descriptions of their surroundings that certain of his pages would be invaluable to any film director who might essay to mount a crusade before his cameras—many a sentence would serve the purposes of a title writer without the change of so much as a comma. One wonders at times whether these impressive stage settings and mob scenes are not drawn from Mr. Lamb's memories of Palestine today, even while they seem to be exact pictures which met the eyes of the crusaders themselves, perhaps to be recorded by them with not quite the brilliance of this modern chronicler.

In Mr. Lamb's version, the style and the method of dramatization—in scenes carefully set, sometimes to the last irrelevant but always "picturesque" detail—both are eminently effective so long as the movement is swift and the setting spectacular. The small interludes between battles, the pauses after conquests, the expository introductions to new groups of characters, heroes, intrigants—these move the less smoothly for their uniformity with the rest of the narrator's effects: a brevity of sentence and paragraph, a frequency of the dash as punctuation, of the inverted order in construction, in fact the same colorfulness of image and terminology: all grow wearisome when there is nothing breathless or colorful in the subject. But there is no denying that the subject is usually one or the other. Among his heroes, for example, besides the valorous Richard and the King Louis who became a saint, there is also Baibars, the one-eyed Mameluke sultan of Cairo, whose mad exploits are commemorated in "The Arabian Nights" under the name of the earlier Harun's name and court at Bagdad. All the themes in the book might be finally recognized as variations on the strange gallantry of this single sentence of Mr. Lamb's: "It was sheer madness, and it cheered the spirits of all who saw it."

This brave insanity of human masses unified by an obsessive idea is presented in such a way that it rouses only admiration and wonder: not even the disgust so often recorded by the chroniclers themselves, above all not incredulity at their violent alternations between exalted zeal and depravity, disaster and miraculous fortune. Mr. Lamb views his spectacle from no height of academic calm or of dampening skepticism. His thread of continuity between the generous quotations from original sources is of a piece with them: he enters into the spirit of these known and unknown chroniclers and letter writers on both sides who lived the epic events in this conflict; and one enters, willy-nilly, with him and them.

A scheme bordering on that of the Homeric epithet and formula is followed almost throughout in the identification of various heroes, the description of citadels besieged or captured, the repetition of recurrent events in identical phrases. Many of these produce the desired effect of epic narrative; other devices are less fortunate, such as the constant insistence that various heroes (even the juristic Pope Innocent III) "dreamed," in the sense of modern journalistic cant, or even that they "kept faith with a dream"; the prevalence of such imagery as "Death sheathed Tancred's sword," "He sallied thence like a hawk unhooded"; such false elegance (all the falser for its grammatical oversight) as "They faced different conditions than did the first crusaders." Perhaps one should not wish away these romanticisms, since they are after all a predictable outcome of the high brilliance of verbalism that elsewhere achieves its effect—and since, from another point of view, they may well do their share in spreading all the farther afield this book's strong and legitimate appeal to readers who like brutality with their chivalry and all the effects of legend with their history.

HANSELL BAUGH.

Propaganda for Science

Science and the Scientific Mind, edited by Leo E. Saidla and Warren E. Gibbs. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 506 pages. $3.

EVER SINCE Newton penetrated with uncanny accuracy the mechanical secret of the heavens, the success of modern science has ceased to be open to doubt. But this very success has posed the question, What next? What is the further meaning of science in human affairs? To this question there have been formulated two divergent answers. The popular answer has contended that since science has been so successful in the physical domain, we ought to apply the same method to human affairs and constitute a science or sciences of human nature. As against this, philosophers have contended—without laying down any fixed limits to the application of scientific method in human affairs—that a complete science of man is by its very nature a monstrosity, and that for the solution of spiritual questions the value of science is rather indirect than direct.

Were one to apply the experimental test of history, one would have to say that the critical ideas of the philosophers have been vindicated. The history of the last two centuries is paved with the wreckage of attempts to establish a science of human nature. None the less, the demand for a science of man has increased rather than diminished, being fed by the ignorance of history and by the ever increasing success of science in physics and chemistry, a success that has been more admired and envied than properly understood. It is, perhaps, only in the last ten years that there has been the beginning of a reaction against the uncritical worship of science, as physicists themselves have come to realize in their laboratories that there is more in heaven and earth than is to be found in their conventional naturalistic philosophy. But this tendency is as yet not clearly defined and has rather added to the general confusion than given new guidance.

"Science and the Scientific Mind" represents an attempt to answer the question of the further significance of science, but, as might perhaps be surmised from the title, the answer is based upon the popular glorification of the scientific mind rather than upon a concrete philosophic analysis of the function of science in the larger context of human experience. The book is a collection of twenty-four essays compiled from the American and English scientific literature of the last fifty years and edited with introductions and notes. The point of view of the editors is well expressed in the preface:

> If, as we believe, the hope for the future of our civilization rests largely in the hands of scientists and in the endeavor to make the scientific habit of mind pre-

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> vail, we should bend our efforts toward developing the method of science in the solution of all our problems. . . . When we learn to carry the same habits of thought that we develop in the laboratory into our political, social, economic and commercial life, we shall soon work a revolution in the forms that these aspects of our civilized life have developed. We are notably aware of the effect science has had in industry. Similar changes for the benefit of humanity will follow as we learn to direct our energies scientifically in the other spheres of our activity.

Granting the point of view, the book is painstakingly organized for the benefit of the student and the general reader. But it must be said that not only is the point of view inherently weak, but its weakness is brought out even more clearly by the battery of essays chosen to illustrate it. A few are factual, a few stand out as intellectually superior to the plan of the book; but for the most part we are treated with abstract rhetoric about scientific method and grandiose promises of what it will accomplish in social affairs. It is characteristic that there is no discussion of the nature of mathematical intelligence and the tremendous role it plays in physical science. Reflection on mathematics has always opened up vast philosophic horizons, but the average point of view on science has been content to see in mathematics a set of handy formulas and nothing more.

Since the book is in a sense propaganda for the extension of science rather than a real attempt to interpret the place of science in human thought, one is not surprised to find the editors using psychological tactics to calm the fears of any clash between science and other human values. Instead of dealing with such conflicts, they tell us that the conflicts do not exist:

> The former antagonism between science and the humanities is rapidly being dispelled and a new order of educational procedure is coming into being. The conflict between science and religion has, in the more enlightened communities, passed into the realm of history, and at present their interests are seen to be in coöperation rather than opposition. . . . Science may serve the needs of life best today . . . by establishing firmer foundations for the truth of religion, of art, of politics, of philosophy and of the common purposes of men.

It is fortunate, under the circumstances, that the essay—that of J. B. S. Haldane—which has been selected to illustrate the lack of conflict between science and religion is better than the point of view which evidently inspired the selection. Professor Haldane does maintain that there is no conflict between science and religion, but he does so after criticizing the conventional conceptions both of religion and science. His conclusion, as he himself says, "appears true only in the light of the inferences, firstly that beliefs in supernatural events form no part of religion itself, and, secondly, that science deals, not with ultimate reality, but only with abstractions of limited application."

Another fortunate exception to the general purpose of the book is Thorstein Veblen's "The Place of Science in Modern Civilization." Veblen's essay is a criticism of the current worship of science as keen as any that has been penned. Let the reader meditate its final sentences:

> The quest of science is relatively new. It is a cultural factor not comprised, in anything like its modern force, among those circumstances whose selective action in the past has given to the race the human nature which it now has. The race reached the human plane with little of this searching knowledge of facts; and throughout the greater part of its life-history on the human plane it has been accustomed to make its higher generalizations and to formulate its larger principles of life in other terms than those of passionless matter-of-fact. This manner of knowledge has occupied an increasing share of men's attention in the past, since it bears in a decisive way upon the minor affairs of workday life; but it has never until now been put in the first place, as the dominant note of human culture. The normal man, such as his inheritance has made him, has therefore good cause to be restive under its domination.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

An Excellent First Novel

Orange Valley, by Howard Baker. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.

ALONG the east side of California's San Joaquin Valley, above Bakersfield and below Fresno, men from Dakota, Wisconsin and any number of districts that are vaguely "back East," grow valencia and navel oranges. Water, the sustenance of a country that is naturally desert, comes from the snows of the high Sierras, for the Coast Range, lying low and harmless-looking to the west, cuts off the rain from the Pacific. Occasionally the owner of a grove worries about the falling level of the wells, occasionally he becomes homesick for the trees of Iowa or the parks of an Eastern city, but for the most part he settles contentedly into the life of the Valley. It is not a very hard life; the summer heat, while intense, is not enervating, and sometimes, in spring or fall, there comes one of those indescribably perfect days that provide the Native Son with his excuse for boasting. Disking, pruning, irrigation, smudging the fruit on cold nights and overseeing its picking and transportation to the packing houses: these are the elements of the rancher's yearly round. It has a number of durable satisfactions.

But of what use is it to the novelist in search of something better than local color? There may be a picaresque story in the fruit tramp, who ranges from Washington apples to Imperial Valley cantaloupes, but the orange rancher's placid life is anything but exciting—unless he falls in love or commits murder or does something else that is scarcely peculiar to California. Nevertheless, using the quiet, objective material of San Joaquin sunshine, tule fogs and ranching activity to make up fully four-fifths of his fictional substance, and writing in terms of simple description like any follower of Turgeniev or Flaubert, Howard Baker has managed an excellent first novel, worth all the praise which Ford Madox Ford has lavished on it.

At first glance Mr. Baker has done nothing remarkable. He has merely taken a commonplace family from Pennsylvania to the San Joaquin, allowed a Prufrockian son and a daughter to become involved in ethical dilemmas that gradually work themselves out (though not to the delirious joy of either Charles or Juliana Swanson), and described, in passing, the life in a low-built house back of the date-palms. Yet so skillful is Mr. Baker's allocation of detail that his characters come to life in terms of an environment that would serve a lesser artist merely as an exotic backdrop. The Valley is set before the reader slowly, as it must have burned itself into the consciousness of Charles, of Juliana and of their mother. The ethical dilemma of Charles (who has left a girl he intended to marry back East, and who is waiting a propitious moment

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to bring her out) is made plain in snatches of conversation. The mother, a creature of prejudices, doesn't think he should marry her. But he has already lived with her, and two conceptions of duty collide. Charles's involvement, linked later with a similar dilemma of his sister, unravels itself to his Apollonian satisfaction as he goes at his ramified job of ranching. The life is commonplace but—in the end—it glows. A region lives in the book completely; an entire way of life is created in sensitive prose.

Yvor Winters, who keeps his ear close to the ground, has named Mr. Baker—along with Katherine Anne Porter, Glenway Wescott, Elizabeth Madox Roberts and others—as one of a group of American writers who have "never been touched by . . . mid-Americanism and Menckenism." The derivation of this group he has traced to the "great stylists of the middle and earlier generations"—to Pound, Eliot, the earlier Joyce, Hardy and Cunninghame-Graham. Certainly it is true, regardless of questions of literary ancestry, that Mr. Baker is not of the generation of Sherwood Anderson, a generation whose explosive concern with emotion resulted in an inundation of intellect and a consequent uncertainty of style. Mr. Baker's tools are always his to command; his novel gives us technique and matter in close harmony, intellect and emotion kept at an even balance.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

The Loeb Classical Library

Bede: Opera Historica, Vols. I and II, translated by J. E. King. St. Basil: The Letters, Vol. III, translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Lysias, translated by W. R. M. Lamb. Demosthenes: Olynthiacs, Philippics, In Leptinem; translated by J. H. Vince. Philo, Vol. III, translated by F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker. St. Augustine: Select Letters, translated by J. H. Baxter. All in the Loeb Classical Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

A JOURNAL of opinion like The New Republic is required by editorial economy to confine comment on the Loeb Classical Library to specific notice of titles published, with, now and then, more general discussion on the progress of the series, or its virtues and vices as a whole. This rather summary criticism affords scant satisfaction to the individual scholars who are producing the Library, but by now they should be inured to the process. Only the publishers, I suppose, appreciate the Library for the remarkable literary philanthropy that it is. Perplexities, mechanical and economic, so aggravate each other that a rare integrity is needed to carry out a project conceived, it must be admitted, in considerable innocence of mind. What place was there in the machine age for those classics whose study had already come close to being abandoned in the storm and stress of the Industrial Revolution? Yet the auguries were hopeful in 1912: a machine-age culture would be blessed with a more abundant leisure, a leisure which men would dedicate to wisdom. The classics afforded "a counteracting tendency to the ultra-materialistic tendencies of our age. My hope has been," the founder of the Library wrote, "to make the beauty and wisdom [of the Greeks and Romans] more accessible to the modern world." And a later apologist, in post-war times, said that the books were "in a fair way to revolutionize the study of ancient literature as profoundly, and in much the same way, as the motor has revolutionized transport."

Humanism like this, I think, is very clearly the outgrowth of a romantic, rather than a classical, impulse; and implicit in this romanticism is a general diffuseness of aim, a reluctance to come to terms with definition. If the scope of the Library has been clearly apprehended, it has not yet been consistently stated: perhaps hope has expanded, or despair contracted, the boundaries of ambition. The weight of what evidence there is would indicate an intention pro tempore eclectic (and over a wide range), but ultimately catholic. So our lifetime will not, as even our century may not, see the completion of this undertaking; and how the scheme will commend itself to another century, another economic order, is of course beyond our ability to guess.

As for style, it was intended that the translations be worth reading for their own sakes, an almost fantastic ambition, by which few of the translators have been beguiled. My own impression is that these men (I do not believe that a woman translator participates in the series) know far more about translating Greek or Latin than they do about writing English. What they use instead is a correct enough prose—translation English, a limbo language without substance or sinew. One of the general editors, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, who writes well, lays the blame on English, and were we to test our mother tongue by those who have translated into it, we should have to agree that the current language is the dead one. But such idiom is not inevitable; one would suppose that after their editor's warning, the translators might even go out of their way to avoid that sort of thing. Running the books through, casually, I find this, for instance, in Professor Baxter's translation of the letters of St. Augustine: *Ego autem dixi gravem ab illo et non contemnendam causam necessitatis ingestam*—"I stated that he had brought forward a ground of necessity that was grave and not to be despised."

I know it is hard to translate well; it may, for all I know, be impossible. This, as I think I have shown, is not the only paradox made manifest by the Loeb Classical Library. I am afraid that we are not competent to judge its ultimate, or even its present, value. We can say, this work takes patience, generosity and fortitude, but we do not know whether there is any sense in it, nor whether these scholars are achieving anything except a prodigious labor of love, monumental, mournful and vain.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Japan's Economic Life

Economic Aspects of the History of Civilization of Japan, by Yosoburo Takekoshi. New York. The Macmillan Company. 3 vols. 1,557 pages. $16.50.

Japan's Economic Position, by John E. Orchard, with the collaboration of Dorothy Johnson Orchard. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 504 pages. $5.

HAD IT not been for an argument between the late Viscount Motono, one-time Japanese Ambassador to France, and Gustave Le Bon the historian, Mr. Takekoshi's study would not have been made. M. Le Bon had compared Japan's rise to a world power with a comet shooting across the sky, dangerous in its approach, irregular in its movements, and uncertain as to its appearance and disappearance. But to the Viscount, Japan's rise had followed a natural course: that is, she had passed through various phases of economic development highly comparable to European stages of progress. When the Viscount returned to Japan he was instrumental in forming an asso-

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ciation of industrial and intellectual leaders for the purpose of financing a study of the economic history of his country. Mr. Takekoshi, politician and historian, was selected to undertake the task. The result is of value, not only to those interested in Japan, but to economic historians as well.

Mr. Takekoshi divides the history of Japan from the seventh century to the present into seven periods, which are perhaps more political than economic. The first of these periods, beginning with the far-reaching Statutes of Taika and Taiho, which were completed between 645 and 701, and ending some three hundred years later, is marked by the rise of the imperial family to a central power, the division of territory into prefectures and counties, the appointment of salaried officials and, above all, the adoption of the Taika and Taiho reforms. These, translated from Chinese land codes, were designed to bring about the nationalization of land.

The second stage, ending about 1185, was marked by the modification of the Chinese codes, the disintegration of the central power, and the consequent rise of the private estates or manorial holdings controlled by officials, temples, court favorites and imperial personages. These holdings were exempt from taxation and consequently increased both in area and inhabitants. With the subsequent loss of power and income of the Imperial family, powerful lords were able to defy central authority. Resulting civil warfare led to the collapse of the social institutions of the Taika and Taiho eras and to the rise of feudalism.

In the twelfth century, with the destruction of the powerful Taira clan by the followers of Minamoto-no-Yoritomo, and the establishment of the latter in Kamakura with almost supreme power, another stage began; it lasted for about one hundred and fifty years. Laws and regulations of the Kamakura clan were enforced; the result was peace and social stability, with a further solidification of the feudal system and a rise in the military class. Since power was granted in proportion to land holdings, the author calls the period one of "land economy."

The fourth stage, extending roughly from 1350 to 1550, ends with the downfall of the Ashikaga clan. Of interest is the penetration of money economy, the opening of coast towns to foreign trade (Chinese and Portuguese) and their gradual rise to the status of commercial cities. Merchant associations, comparable to the medieval European merchant guilds, began to develop. The rise of a group of powerful feudal lords, the invasion of China and Korea and the growth of piracy, are results of this commercial trade. By the end of the Ashikaga era the power of the central government had again collapsed. Each feudal lord asserted his independence, fortified his borders and established customs barriers. The merchant guilds, working with the independent lords, obtained monopolies, even to the extent of controlling highways.

From 1567 until the death of Toyotomi Hideyoshi only thirty years elapsed, but they mark the fifth and one of the most important stages in the history of Japan. The entire country was united under a central government, and reforms were instituted which had far-reaching effects. Currency was standardized, the monopoly power of the guild merchants broken, a free-trade policy applied to internal trade. A land census was made for taxation purposes, and the land was redivided, much of it being granted to followers of Hideyoshi as a reward for meritorious service in the civil war and the invasion of Korea. These changes led to a further extension of the use of money and the development of a national economy. Too, it laid the basis for the long rule of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

The sixth stage begins with the death of Hideyoshi and ends with the final collapse of the Tokugawa Shogunate in 1867, after lasting more than 270 years. In general it was an age of peace and luxury. The closing of the country with the exception of the Dutch trade in Nagasaki, the ban on emigration and immigration, the drastic supervision of the local lords and the intense persecution of Catholics, are explained by the author on the basis of the Tokugawa fear of the *ronin* (unattached retainers), who were Catholics, and were a constant challenge to the authority of the Shogun.

During this period even more elaborate regulations appeared, *kabu* (economic privileges) were bought and sold, and exchanges and banks organized. The merchant guilds gave way to the *Fudasashi* and the *Kuramoto*. The former were merchants of Tokyo who controlled the rice market and lent money to the followers of the Shogun; the latter furnished the same service to the local lords. As they grew more powerful, they were able to challenge the military lords. Craft guilds and *tonya* (associations of middlemen) also developed within the feudal towns. Obviously these institutions could grow only at the expense of feudalism. And its final downfall was hastened by the incessant knocking at the doors of Japan by Western nations.

Mr. Takekoshi's elaborate treatment of this sixth, or Tokugawa, era is his chief direct contribution to the history of Japan. The period, though little known, is one of deep significance to the economic historian. In his long chapters on the agricultural classes, the *tonya*, the debasement of currency, the expenditures and revenues of the Shogun, foreign trade, the *Fudasashi* and exchange, Mr. Takekoshi presents extremely valuable information. He makes no attempt, however, to bring the recital of events down to the turn of the last century. Indeed, his treatment of the seventh, or Meiji, era is only incidental; his study really ends with the overthrow of the Shogunate and the restoration of power to the hands of the Emperor in 1868. The later story of the elimination of the feudal lords, the transfer of lands to the peasants, the promulgation of the constitution, and all the remarkable advances made during and since the Meiji era, must be sought elsewhere.

Professor Orchard, in "Japan's Economic Position," brings the picture up to date. First he deals with the question of population. This has doubled since the fall of the Shogunate; and the present annual increase of about 900,000 makes population the determining factor in almost every foreign and domestic policy. Of all the solutions advanced to this key problem, industrialization is probably the most tenable. But industrialization is more than this, it is the key to the future of the Empire.

To industrialization the author devotes most of his attention. Here he is by no means optimistic. In a detailed analysis of raw material, power, labor, markets and production, he shows that Japan cannot hope to become a manufacturing nation of major importance. Her wisest policy does not lie in further integration, but rather in the decentralization of industry. The surplus population is now in the villages and the villagers are reluctant to leave, as is shown both by the present recruiting system and by the high rate of labor turnover. Electric power is available in practically every hamlet and farmhouse in the land. The small agricultural holdings create both the spare time and the necessity for a subsidiary occupation. But some sort of an organization for coördinating production, maintaining standards of quality and marketing finished goods must be perfected if decentralization is effectively to sup-

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plant the consolidation movement now being encouraged by the imperial government and by leaders in large-scale industry.

To the student of economic and social evolution, Professor Orchard's book, like that of Mr. Takekoshi, supplies a wealth of material that is little known and understood in the West. It is fortunate indeed that Viscount Motono and M. Le Bon did not agree—fortunate also that Professor Orchard has so carefully culled the files of The Trans-Pacific and other publications for material on the present-day problems of capitalistic Japan.

WILLIAM L. NUNN.

Pepys on the Bowery

FOR YEARS the adventures of Joe Gould have been a legend south of Fourteenth Street in New York City. To those who have not actually met him, Joe Gould, oral historian of our times, has assumed the dignity of a myth. He is a myth some five feet four inches high, a bald-headed, bearded and spectacled myth that might well be mistaken for a battered and cadaverous ghost of Verlaine. Like most creations of folklore and legend, he has been duly canonized behind the footlights. Those who have seen the first act of "Gods of the Lightning," the Sacco-Vanzetti play produced two seasons ago in New York, will remember the caricature of a starving historian who was always in the process of being thrown out of his rooming house for lack of rent money. This shrill, aggressive and yet timid little man (so ran the play) had no quarrel with the established order of society beyond that occasioned by personal inconvenience. He lived on coffee and cigarettes, surrounded by books and manuscripts at an end table in a short-order lunch room. The portrait was easy to recognize.

By his own confession (for he has been an active member of a small group organized to perpetuate the Gould legend) Joe Gould is of New England stock that dates back to 1635. He is a former classmate of Walter Lippmann at Harvard, an honorary chieftain of an Indian reservation in North Dakota, the official biographer of Bishop Noli, former prime minister of Albania, and a self-appointed authority on the reign of Marcus Garvey in Negro Harlem—but more than all of these, he is an oral historian of contemporary America. Accept him, if you will, as a free-lance anthropologist of our life and manners, as observed on a walking trip through New England and Nova Scotia or from the window of a three-dollar-a-week room on the southwestern edge of the Bowery.

Dismissing for the moment the personal aspects of Mr. Gould (Slater Brown wrote of him in an early issue of Broom; Joseph Stella and E. E. Cummings have painted his portrait), we find evidence of his authenticity in his unpublished "oral" history. The history, a library in itself, is written in longhand on the pages of fifty to a hundred high-school copy books. It is in its eighth definitive version. Whole volumes have been confiscated and destroyed by landlords demanding rent from Mr. Gould, and these he has been forced to reconstruct from memory. Others have been completely rewritten and enlarged. The history is the work of some fifteen years of writing in subway trains, on "El" platforms, in Bowery flop houses. On Staten Island ferry boats, in smoking cars. In cheap and dingily exotic Greenwich Village restaurants, in public urinals. In hall bedrooms rented by the week, in editorial offices and, on rare occasions, usually holidays, at the homes of friends and relatives. In general the history is a record of nearly everything that Mr. Gould has heard (hence "oral"), seen or thought during his fifteen years of wandering. It includes his autobiography and the biographies of a few of his friends, data upon the insane asylums at Central Islip and King's Park, notations scrawled on the walls of public latrines, reminiscences of a New England childhood, gossip overheard in Greenwich Village and Harlem, and rumors concerning public men that are retailed in and out of New York City, New England and Nova Scotia. This is supplemented by Mr. Gould's own opinions upon marriage, race prejudice, tomatoes, civilization, "The Social Register," insanity, war and genealogy. Imagine, if you can, a thoroughly articulate Calvin Coolidge, divorced from his respectable practice of law and insurance—to say nothing of the presidency of these United States—and existing for the sole purpose of being an American Pepys-on-the-Bowery, and you have something that resembles Joe Gould.

Mr. Gould has a deceptive prose style. At first glance it seems to have the quality of an orderly and competent high-school theme, surely nothing more. Slowly we perceive that it is the only adequate and possible vehicle for his observations, which are written with the simple and clear veracity of a child. Conditioned by the lack of a recognized profession and the means of earning a living, Joe Gould achieves a detachment and a distinction that are quite his own. The world he surveys may be primitive or complex, yet all that he sees, hears or remembers is resolved into a simple pattern with points of interest sharpened by his small birdlike eye. Take this excerpt from his chapter on Theodore Roosevelt:

> In May, 1916, I was playing dominoes and drinking claret lemonades with Clarence Britten in the recesses of the Harvard Club. The world's greatest private citizen, Theodore Roosevelt in a frock coat, entered and sat within a few feet of us. He was chatting with a man in a salt-and-pepper suit whom we judged to be George W. Perkins, his campaign manager. A preternatural solemnity descended upon everyone in the room. Roosevelt seemed so subdued that I found it difficult to believe that he was the same fiery personality that I had heard lecture in Saunders' Theatre so I walked past him twice and stared frequently at the back of his head. It was only when he arose and unearthed his protuberant belly that he seemed familiar. As he walked out of the room, I heard him say with a snap of his teeth, "That settles that."
>
> Meanwhile Clarence Britten had got entangled in a phone call for Mr. Roosevelt and on his return burst into an eloquent encomium on the good form shown by the members of the Harvard Club. He said, "It was the very apex of good breeding. Nowhere else in New York could a public man be so safe from interruption. You could have heard a pin drop while he was here. Nobody so much as looked in his direction, except Joe who stared directly at him. However, when he left the room, everybody stood up and craned their necks after him." In justice to me, Clarence should have added an "except Joe" to this last remark, for I had assuaged my curiosity so frankly (as was becoming in the Boswell of a whole epoch) that I did not need to give it a surreptitious and necrophilic relief.

Joe Gould remains, throughout his memoirs, diminutive and inquiring. Of all the social problems that have kept his curiosity youthful, race prejudice takes first rank. He

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entered Harvard in 1907; already he was well on his way into an exhaustive speculation upon his favorite topic for controversy:

> I had argued for abstract justice many times with Southern students and they always put the question to me, "Had you just as soon marry a black woman as one of your own race?" In order to avoid any charge of inconsistency for urging upon others what I would not do myself, I made up my mind to seek a wife outside my own racial group. I knew that to do this would deprive me of several friends and many opportunities, but I was willing to undergo this and any other inconvenience for the sake of following my ideal. I realized that children born of such a union would be darker than myself and different in other ways, but that thought did not deter me, because I felt that they would still belong to the bulldog breed of Gould and that unless God should repeal the law of survival of the fittest, they would have courage to face all the hardships of the situation.

His passion for this exciting problem and its possible solution led him not into marriage, as one might expect, but to the restaurants of Negro Harlem. There he unearthed source material for his amazing biography of Hubert Harrison, editor of a Negro magazine called The Voice. This same passion deposited him in the center of an Indian reservation on the plains of North Dakota and also drove him into active service for the cause of Albanian freedom, lobbying at Washington, D. C., to gain recognition for the talents of Bishop Noli. In these adventures, vividly outlined in his history, Joe Gould discloses a personality deeply affected by a nostalgia of and for childhood. He is the small boy with the sharp question, as well as the Yankee cracker-box philosopher quick with sage platitudes and spontaneous wit. This impression is modified if not contradicted by the dignity evident in such chapters as "My Father's Death" and "Insanity."

His best anecdotes are of the smoking-car variety and delivered with the nasal twang of the aboriginal New Englander. It is a natural gesture on the part of Joe Gould to speak of the handsomely dressed literary quarterly at Cambridge as "The Bitch and Bugle," and to attack (with a prose style rivaling Joseph Addison's) the publishers and magazine editors who have difficulty in deciphering his original manuscripts. He is a master of the polished and graceful invective. Ezra Pound, writing of New England in an essay on William Carlos Williams, has bracketed the names of Joe Gould and Robert Frost—a literary observation both shrewd and profound. Mr. Gould himself has an apt comparison. Being somewhat of a recluse, he refers to himself on occasion as Emily Dickinson in disguise, and you almost believe him.

There will be a special kind of immortality reserved for Joe Gould; obviously his oral history is written with a canny eye toward posterity. Mr. Gould himself is as confident of his fame as he is assured of his unique position somewhere upon an imaginary borderline this side of sanity:

> The fallacy of dividing people into sane and insane lies in the assumption that we really do touch other lives. This is a matter open to serious doubt. Our physical senses differ so much with respect to sight, hearing and so forth that we have no certain means of telling whether any two of us live in the same tangible world or not. When we use words, we cannot be sure that any of us apply the same meaning. Even more personal and private to each individual

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is his thought process and his spiritual texture. Hence I would judge the sanest man to be him who most firmly realizes the tragic isolation of humanity and pursues his essential purpose calmly. I suppose I feel this way about it because I have a delusion of grandeur. I believe myself to be Joe Gould.

HORACE GREGORY.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE DIARIES OF JOHN BRIGHT, edited by R. A. J. Walling. *New York: William Morrow and Company. 561 pages. $7.50.*

The diaries cover the years from 1850 till 1886; they are preceded by Bright's memoir of his youth and other fragments; Mr. Walling strings them together with an admirable running commentary, which makes the book a complete biography. Bright's character emerges very clearly: he was simple, honest and vigorous; his attitude to morals and esthetics was typically Victorian. He met almost all the celebrities of the age, political, social and artistic; but his comments are uniformly commonplace.

THE DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. *New York: Brentano's. 358 pages. $3.75.*

This is a popular biography of the two Buckinghams, one the favorite of Charles I, the other a rake and politician under Charles II. Mr. Coffin has discovered no new facts, offers no new interpretations, and is apt to make illegitimate use of his imagination, especially when he lets it play upon the romantic aspects of history.

I'D LIKE TO DO IT AGAIN, by Owen Davis. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 233 pages. $3.*

A playwright's reminiscences of his thirty-five years on Broadway. Mr. Davis has no delusions about the American theatre as an artistic institution. In so far as his story throws light on the practical problems of play marketing and introduces various theatrical personages of the time, it is worth reading.

MRS. GASKELL AND HER FRIENDS, by Elizabeth Haldane. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 318 pages. $4.*

The full figure of Mrs. Gaskell is here presented as a symbol of Victorian womanhood. Surely it was not her fault, nor her biographer's, that she resembles Dickens' favorite heroine, the Agnes of "David Copperfield." Much can be said for her lack of pretension as a lady novelist, and much, too, for the courage she showed in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë—especially when one considers her own environment as the wife of the Reverend William Gaskell. The present biography, conscientiously written and well indexed, furnishes authentic material to all those interested in the habits and customs of middle-class Victorians.

NELSON, by George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 350 pages. $3.*

Nelson is here exhibited as an adventurer whose fame was based on skillful publicity rather than on genuine achievement; he was cold-shouldered by English society because of his vanity and his liaison with Lady Hamilton, and deliberately sought death at the battle of Trafalgar. This biography is written vividly and concisely, and is more entertaining than most novels; but its attempt to belittle Nelson's genius as a naval commander is labored and unconvincing. There are no footnotes or bibliography.

PAUL GAUGUIN, the Calm Madman, by Beril Becker. *New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 340 pages. $3.50.*

The fascination that the mere outward activities of Paul Gauguin must have for anyone, whether an admirer of his paintings or not, is fostered and maintained throughout this version of his life. The account is accurate, and the situations treated—Gauguin's break with his sedate manner of living, his changes in his modes of painting, his mad venture to work on the digging of the Panama Canal, his destitution, his joy and disillusion in

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THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Gamaliel Bradford. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 283 pages. $3.50.*

These "psychographs" of three living men—Edison, Ford, Coolidge—and three now dead—Lenin, Roosevelt and Wilson—continue the biographical methods of Gamaliel Bradford. He attempts a calm, dispassionate analysis and balance of the subjects' good and bad graces. The result with Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge, for example, is interesting; with Lenin and Wilson it is disappointing. The comparison that rises most easily to anyone's mind when considering Mussolini and Lenin is made use of in their biographies, without adding anything of importance to the final judgment of the two. But as "weight and measure" biographies, Mr. Bradford's psychographs are not without their virtues.

SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pages. $5.*

Henri Gaudier possessed, at nineteen, all the temperament, the poverty and a fair share of the genius that made the pre-war romantic artist a spectacle of horror to surviving Victorians and an example of shameless disorder to contemporary apologists of the New Humanism. In Paris he met Sophie Brzeska, a woman of thirty-eight, sick in mind and body. Today the story of their extraordinary companionship seems a bit old fashioned: they are ghosts of a bohemia that has ceased to flourish in Montparnasse, Chelsea and Greenwich Village; indeed, to anyone who remembers the heyday of The Little Review, they are not unfamiliar types; but they are a source of continual amazement to their biographer. Their characters, as a result, are revealed chiefly between the lines of his story, which none the less is vivid and moving. We see and almost hear the Gaudier-Brzeska quarrel with Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield, ending as it did in a torrent of Freudian invective. We are made to understand how poverty contributed to Sophie's growing madness, and to the final disintegration of her personality when Henri died in the trenches. From Gaudier's letters, here liberally quoted, we learn his theories of art, most of them outdated; and the many illustrations help us to form a judgment of his sculpture, the permanent value of which is open to doubt.

History

CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST: The Near and Middle East, by René Grousset. *Translated by Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 404 pages, illustrated. $7.50.*

The publishers are to be commended for this important undertaking, a history of the arts of Asia. Eventually it will consist of four volumes, of which this, a study of the arts of Egypt, Mesopotamia, ancient Persia, and Islamic civilization in Persia and Arabia, is the first. M. Grousset is an able writer and, in his consideration of the arts, does not neglect the social realities of which they are an expression, or the political and religious factors which conditioned them, or the literature with which they stand in mutual commentary. The volume is handsomely bound and beautifully printed; the typography might serve as a general model for all books printed on coated paper.

THE MIDDLE AGES, 300-1500, by James Westfall Thompson. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. 1145 pages. $12.50.*

The author is professor of Medieval History at the University of Chicago. He brings to his task all the resources of scholarship, and his well balanced book performs two useful services: it corrects the errors, which have hardened into tradition, of the prejudiced Renaissance thinkers who so effectually darkened the Middle Ages; and it ably integrates the social and intellectual records with the political. For this reason it is an outstanding book. But what scholarship raises scholarship destroys. A few new finds,

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documentary or archeological, or a shift in the valuation of existing data, may put Mr. Thompson's work out and keep it out, for it lacks that literary quality by which Prescott and Gibbon and the other great historians survive.

THE QUEST FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE, 1898-1914, by Harold Faulkner. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 390 pages. $4.*

Professor Faulkner's accurate, impartial and comprehensive study of the pre-war years admirably complements Mark Sullivan's more impressionistic "Our Times." Faced with enormous masses of material, for the most part material unsifted by specialists, he has succeeded in writing a clear and well organized account of a most complex period. Of course, he has not that expert knowledge of all forms of human endeavor that social history ideally requires, but he has mastered his sixteen years with encyclopedic thoroughness. If he misses some of the drama and color of those years, he has at least made a clear and accurate record of every important movement, and such interpretative comment as he offers is pointed and intelligent.

Education

MAN, THE PROBLEM SOLVER, by Harold Benjamin. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 450 pages. $3.50.*

An interesting book, designed primarily for a new sort of orientation course in college. "Man, the Problem Solver" is not meant to serve as an introduction to the subject matter of the curriculum, nor as a means of adjusting the new student to the unfamiliar academic environment: rather it tries to present the outstanding problems of the human race and to show the student how mankind has slowly solved many of these problems. Especially valuable are the chapters dealing with theories of history, where, for example, Homer is said to present the mythological point of view, Herodotus the theological, and Thucydides the philosophical. In the same way the theories of sociology are shown to be affected by certain scientific tendencies depending for their very language on physics, or mechanics, or astronomy. As for psychology, Mr. Benjamin tells how rapid have been its achievements, and yet how little it knows of motives even today. The final section of this helpful guide through the mazes of knowledge deals with religion.

Humor

THIRTY-SIX INCHES OF ADVENTURE, by Marcel Arnac. *Translated by Louis Colman. New York: The Planet Press. 254 pages, illustrated. $5.*

The life and battles, loves and journeys, pastimes and observations of a male propagational micro-organism, from his earliest recollections of an ovoid planet belonging to a Mr. Durand, to his final tug-of-war with a doctor who is tearing from him an illegitimate sister for whom he has conceived a deep prenatal love. Especially hilarious are the running notes on the evolution of the eternal triangle involved, the games played prenatally and the campaign planned against adult domination; but there is a wide stratum of fun all the way through, up to and including the phases obstetric. A great and unconscious assault on the Mammy Ideal; an admirable birthday gift.

Public Affairs

TRENDS IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES. *New York: National Industrial Conference Board. 329 pages. $3.50.*

A detailed statistical study of the export and import trade of the United States. The volume contains one hundred tables, most of which analyze America's trade by country and by commodity, presenting facts some of which have hitherto been difficult to obtain. The report shows that while the United States regularly has had an excess of exports, the ratio has been declining. It expresses the opinion that our export trade will unquestionably continue to expand. As far as Europe is concerned, however, our total exports will probably decline. The volume does not discuss

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the question of tariffs and of debts in connection with foreign trade. Nevertheless, its statistical material should be of value to the student, banker and business man.

WORLD MINERALS AND WORLD POLITICS, by C. K. Leith. *New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 213 pages. $2.*

The author, who is one of our leading authorities, has performed a valuable service in this discussion of the importance of minerals in international relations. He points out that the North Atlantic countries control the mineral resources of the world, but he insists that not even the most favored nation is entirely self-sustaining. After discussing national policies of mineral control, whether by tariffs, bounties or taxes, he states that international control over the purveyors of essential world minerals is likely to be demanded in the future.

Travel

CROSS-ROADS OF THE JAVA SEA, by Hendrik de Leeuw. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 350 pages. $3.50.*

The author's claim that this is "the first book by a Dutch-American pen, on the islands, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and Bali, since . . . 1868" will give an idea of its manner as well as of its contents. As for the matter, the first half of the "pen's" national characteristics has produced an authoritative account of present (or at least recent) conditions in those islands, particularly the practices and beliefs of the natives, which have been thoroughly described only by Dutch scholars in their own language. As for the manner, the pity is that Mr. de Leeuw's way of writing in English is scarcely American. But aside from the hard going of his sentence structure, the book communicates the external charm of its warm eastern setting—well known to Mr. de Leeuw—along with the more studious fruits of the author's researches both in libraries and afield. An exhaustive bibliography of writings on the East Indies is included. There are numerous photographic illustrations, and decorative drawings by Mr. Alexander King in his usual style.

A PAGAN'S PILGRIMAGE, by Llewelyn Powys. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 207 pages. $2.50.*

Llewelyn Powys made a trip to the Holy Land, which he here records in a straightforward manner, adding a goodly number of clear-cut photographs of places seen. The interest of the volume lies less in the actual travel from Venice to Jerusalem by way of Athens and Rhodes, and back by way of Capri and Pompeii, than it does in the perambulations of Mr. Powys' mind about pagan and Christian objects, and in "the gusts of religious feeling" that troubled his own and his companions' bodies.

WINDJAMMER, by Ken Attiwill. *Introduction by Captain David Bone. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 312 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Attiwill is a young Australian who worked his way to Europe on a Finnish sailing vessel bound from Australia to the Baltic with a cargo of wheat. His shipmates were Finns, Swedes, a Frenchman, and an Englishman who called himself Jack London. Their course was by way of stormy Cape Horn, up from Antarctic cold through equatorial heat. Mr. Attiwill writes well and succeeds in conveying his disgust with the wearying labor, the frightful food, the monotony of a slow voyage and the brutish or brutalized crew. An interesting narrative, but definitely a landsman's version of the passage round Cape Stiff.

Special Editions

U. S. A. WITH MUSIC. Anonymous. *New York: Carrefour Editions. 120 pages. $2.50.*

WERTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER. Anonymous. *New York: Carrefour Editions. 155 pages. $2.50.*

These two volumes are the first in a series intended to introduce the work, but not the names, of young writers who choose to remain anonymous. "U. S. A. with Music," a four-act play written somewhat in the manner of E. E. Cummings' "Him," sets out to satirize American civilization and falls short of its purpose by a

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very short margin indeed. On the stage it might be effective; when read, it is weakened by a lack of verbal distinction. "Werther's Younger Brother" shows, on the other hand, promise of an excellent prose style; perhaps this collection of notes loosely relating to the emotions of male adolescence will serve as the basis for a future novel. Both books are experimental, and their qualities are those of promise rather than of achievement.

Verse

GREEN RIVER, a Poem for Rafinesque, by James Whaler. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 153 pages. $2.*

This long narrative poem deals with Constantine Rafinesque, that great and almost forgotten contemporary of Audubon. Mr. Whaler is distinguished by his grasp of character and by his skill in handling dramatic dialogue, through which almost the whole story is told. "Green River" sings of the hero's disappointment in love, of his voyage to America, of his friends and work here, and finally of his discovery of the great Green River cave; and it presents all this without the dull expository passages, the deserts of brick that mar the landscape of most narrative poems. To give the poem unity, Mr. Whaler has successfully employed the myth of Proserpine and her forced return to the underworld, as symbolic of Rafinesque's love for Nature and his final discovery of her power in the underworld of the Green River.

OPUS 7, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. *New York: The Viking Press. 66 pages. $2.*

As the leading character of her narrative in rhymed verse, Miss Warner again chooses a quaint and simple soul with a homely but ironic outlook on life. Rebecca, elderly and disillusioned, discovers that by selling her famous flowers she can buy enough gin for her daily tipple. Her industry wins high praise from the people of her small village; but in the end Rebecca drinks herself to death among the familiar dead, sitting on a new-made grave over which she pours libations. "Opus 7" has the faults characteristic of narrative poetry in our generation—the uneven verse, the dull passages—but it has the virtue of being a good story, told with engaging humor.

THE SERPENT IN THE CLOUD, by Theodore Morrison. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 105 pages. $2.50.*

This story of how a man hesitates to marry the woman he loves, because his brother's mental deficiences may be an inherited family taint, comes to nothing when the man marries, the brother dies, and the man finds his farm and the world a good place to be in. Mr. Morrison's verse has the regularity, the monotony and the rhythms of a prose whose ordinariness is once in a while relieved by a sense of seasons changing and things growing.

Fiction

BLACK CHERRIES, by Grace Stone Coates. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

Life on a Kansas farm as seen through the eyes of a sensitive five-year-old child; not an imaginative child who must escape from her environment by creating a dream world of her own, but one with a passion for finding out things as they are in the world about her. Written in the first person, the book allows the characters and their struggles to unfold as the child sees and understands them. The author has a feeling for words and a quiet, refreshing sense of dignity; but the dismal, moralizing end comes as a surprise to the reader.

THE EVERLASTING STRUGGLE, by Johan Bojer. *New York: The Century Company. $2.50.*

From the window of his warmly lit house, Johan Bojer now looks into the poverty-stricken cottage of his childhood. Viewed from this distance, the monotonous lives of these people seem to acquire a poetic significance; and the joy underlying this tragic novel is perhaps more the property of the creative writer than of the people whose sufferings he describes. But one closes the book with an unforgettable picture of these Norwegians who know only the Bible and the almanac, and who "live on fish and fish and fish every day."

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Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN, formerly managing editor of The New York Globe, is a frequent contributor to the principal American magazines. He is the author of "Investment Trusts Gone Wrong," published in The New Republic Dollar Series. At present he is traveling in Europe.

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S distinguished work as a novelist is discussed in the present issue of The New Republic by Matthew Josephson. As an essayist she is known as the author of "The Common Reader" and "A Room of One's Own."

A. U. P. is a journalist whose intimate knowledge of affairs in Washington enables him to write with authority about our professional and amateur statesmen.

JAMES EDWARD RICE is a student at the University of Alabama. He has published a number of photographic studies of tenant-farm life in the South.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is a critic and poet. The biography of Rousseau on which he has been working for the last year and a half will be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace.

MARIE DE L. WELCH, a California poet who is now living in Paris, has contributed to periodicals both here and abroad. A volume of her verse is to appear this fall.

JOHN DEWEY, whose series, "The Need for a New Party," ended in last week's New Republic, has been delivering a series of lectures at Harvard University.

HANSELL BAUGH is a critic who contributes to The Bookman and The New Freeman. He edited "Frances Newman's Letters," published by Liveright two years ago.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, since graduating from Columbia and taking post-graduate work at Harvard, has engaged in a number of occupations—reporting, teaching, social-science research, free-lance journalism. He describes himself as a philosopher at large; but in "The Adventure of Science," published last fall, he deals more specifically with the philosophy underlying scientific research.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is an ex-fruit tramp. He packed and picked oranges in Claremont and Lindsay, California, in 1920 and 1921. At present he is a member of the staff of The New York Times Book Review.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is a poet and critic. He is the author of a book of verse, "Europa," and was formerly an editor of Measure.

WILLIAM L. NUNN taught from 1922-26 at Oita Commercial College in Oita, Japan. He is at present an instructor in Economics at the School of Commerce of New York University.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of a new translation of "Catullus" to be published this spring. A revised edition of his book of poems, issued here last fall, will be published in England under the title of "Rooming House."

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